

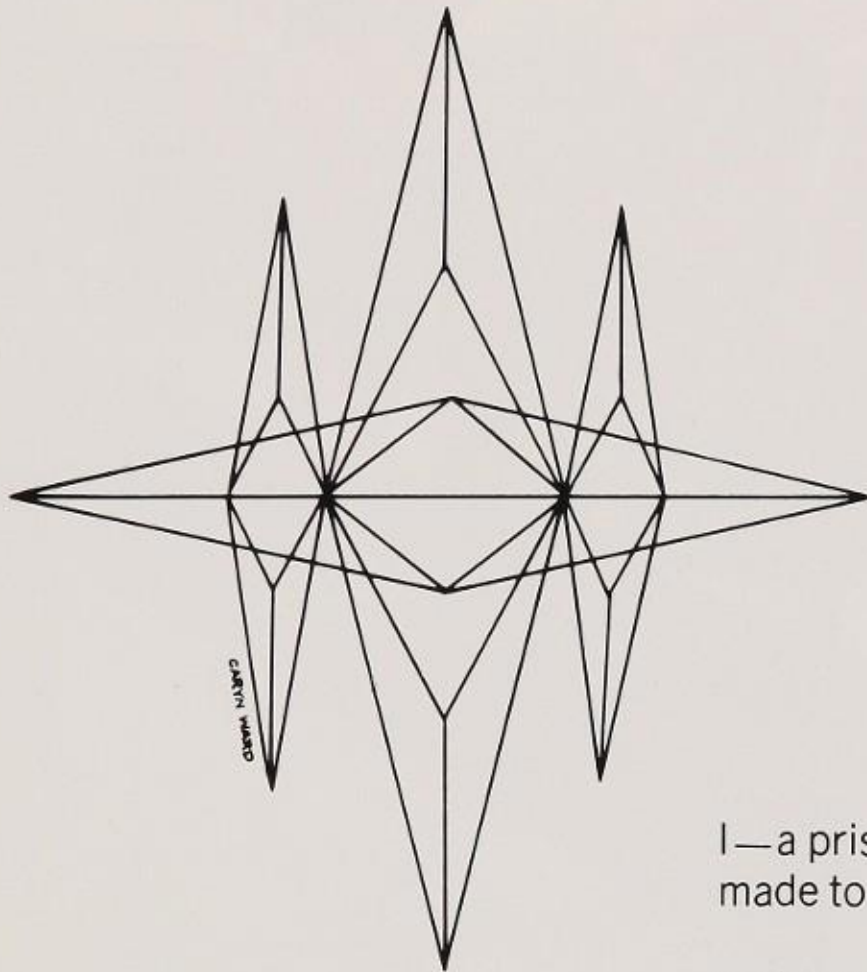
OPISM

HIGH SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN 1969

10
Gilda,
one thing I've always said
about you still goes, you
say whatever you're think-
ing! But you're really adorable and
sweet and sincere and will excuse all
your cracks. However, I won't forgive the
time you dropped your vitriol in Zuzum
and then showed your vitriol at the door! I
could go on forever 'cause your antics are unreal!!
you know that I wish nothing less than you deserve,
which is the BEST!! Best wishes for success, happiness,
love, (lluv)
P.S. This suction is kosher
(made only with vegetable
shortening!)

6/23/69

To Gilda
The best of luck
in everything
you do - thanks for
your help - without
it I couldn't have
stood to lunch
Love Lela



I—a prism, a crystal honey comb
made to catch, imprism

Sun's light,
and turn it to rainbows.
By night I am a jeweled prison
to capture, the rapturous
moon's light, in the
closed eye of night.

Lani Mysak



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LODGE PRISM

HIGH SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN 1969

CONTENTS

Administration	6
Faculty	8

SENIORS

Architecture	20
Cartooning	24
Costume Design	28
Fashion Illustration	34
Illustration and Advertising Art	38
Package Design	50
Photography	52
Modeling	56
Theatre Arts	58
Advertising Production Workshop	60

LITERARY REFLECTIONS

Dimensions of Our Spectrum	2a
Prism	3a
The Mask	5a
Characterizations	7a
Emotions	11a
Concrete Poems	13a
Fable	18a
The City	28a
The "B" Poems	29a
The Bridge	32a
The Seasons	38a



To the Graduating Class of 1969
Dear Girls and Boys:

A prism is a transparent, optical instrument, usually of glass, triangular in shape, having two refracting surfaces, and making an angle with one another. When sunlight passes through the prism, the rays of light so refracted produce the beautiful band of rainbow colors called the solar spectrum.

The rainbow itself presents a panoramic view of the spectrum when the sunlight is broken up into spectral bands of color by drops of rain in the sky, which act as tiny prisms. The spectroscope is a sophisticated form of prism and is widely used in science and in industry for determining the purity of metals, for identifying the composition of unknown objects, for conducting research into outer space.

Perhaps it would be fruitful to view life itself as a prism, breaking up the rays of the sun from infra-red to ultra-violet, determining purity, identifying the unknown, projecting our visions and ideas beyond the tangible and the material.

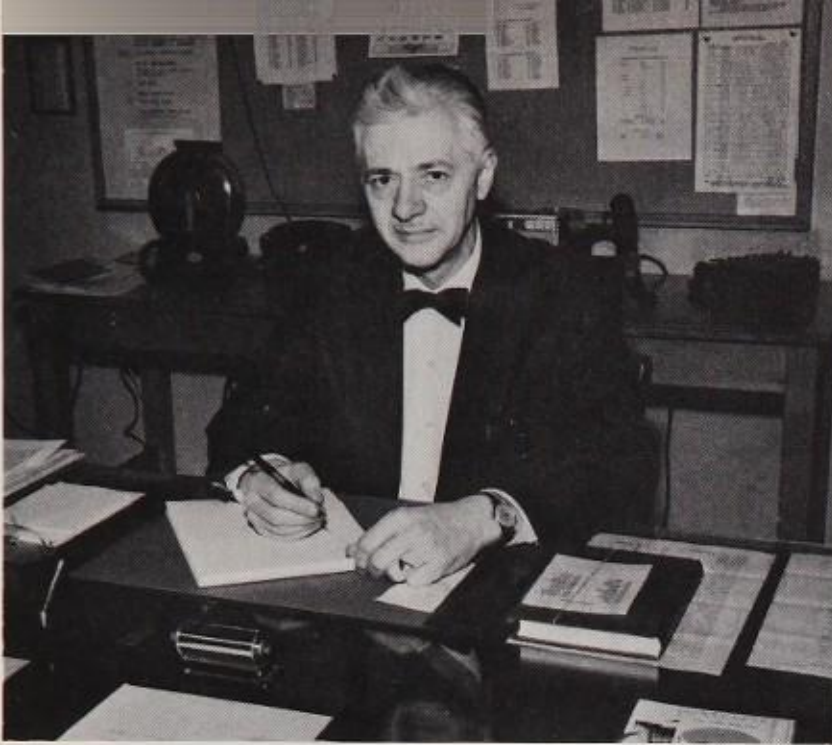
It is my hope and prayer that the prism of life will diffuse the sunshine into brilliant, radiant colors for each of you, and that athwart the inevitable defeats and tragedies that must afflict all of us at times, there will always arch the rainbow of God's eternal promise.

I commend to your thought on this graduation day the words of the poet:

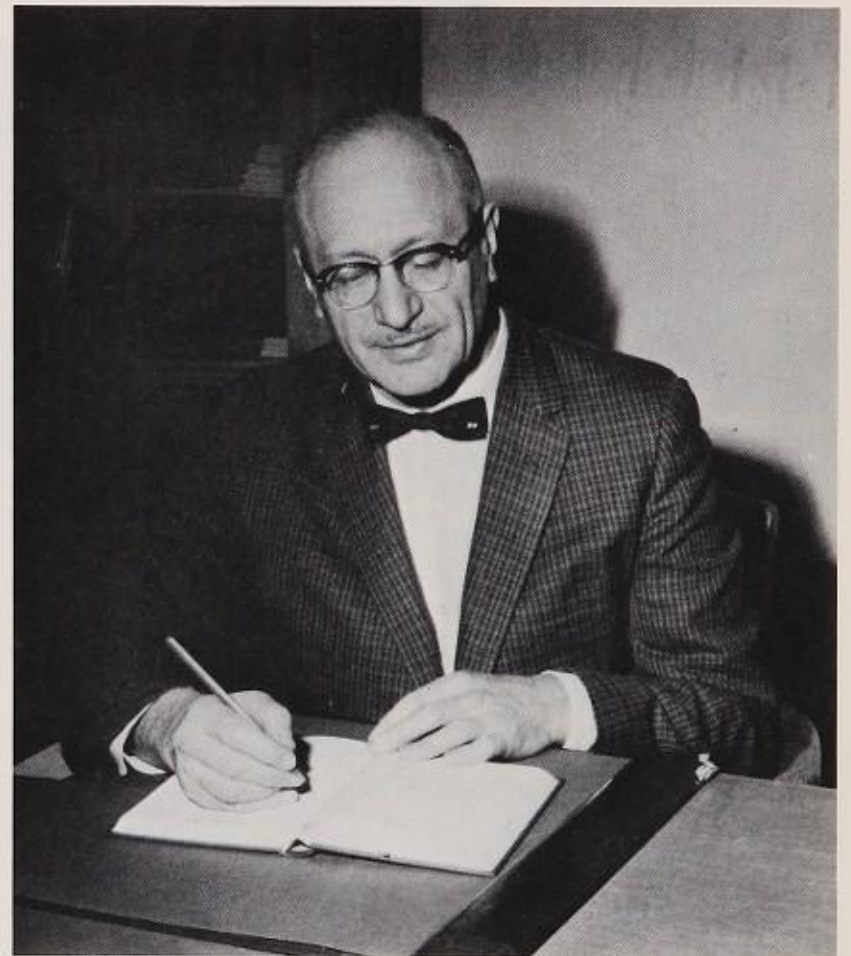
"High is our calling, Friend— Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
Demands the service of a mind and heart
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part
Heroically fashioned."

Your friend and principal,

Jacob Howard Raphael
June 23, 1969.



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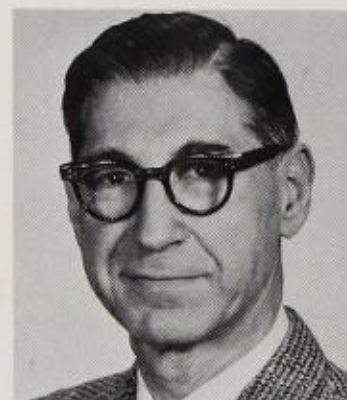
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*Bonne chance
dans la vie !
Matilde Hoffman*



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Mr. Bernard Krigstein

*all good wishes
We'll wish them*

To you
a lovely girl my
very best wishes for a
happy future - Roslyn Schuman

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Mr. Max Friedman



For
Sweetheart
in Toledo

REFLECTIONS

At the beginning, there was the Word. The Word, soft and melodious, sang into space and created the light. The light, beaming gloriously, shines upon a prism, there to be imprisoned and converted to soft yellow greens or shocking, bleeding reds. We are prisms. We talk, we act, we live and die, reflecting that heavenly light—glowing within us; and it is the intensity of our lives that determines the colors of our rainbow.

It is up to us to interpret the Divine message! To place on our young shoulders the most significant and heaviest load that can be offered,—the future of humanity! To slowly move up to the front lines and take the controls of our families, our society, our country—our world! To be responsible, through our knowledge, experience and strength, to guide our descendants and deliver them safely. This, if not the most responsible task, is certainly the most noble; for what nobler act could we do than to make this cynical world a Utopia, where truly all men are equal, all men can laugh freely, and all members of mankind can love one another!

The world, society, and perhaps even our families, are found today under a strong decaying process—decadent and corruptive. On one side, men go to wars and slaughter one another, like savage beasts, without even knowing their opponents; they bomb innocent families; permit degradation and inhumanity to grow, for their own comfort and benefit. On the other hand, the movements to stop this insanity, behave just as demented by falling into the same inhuman abyss. They search for something better—if that's what they truly want—with fires, lootings, riots, rocks, and heckling, never stopping to realize that fire is not fought with gasoline; that hatred is fought with love, war with peace, and lunacy with rationality. These two confronting sides are just as blasphemous and culpable under God's eyes, who teaches us peace and love!

The life of a prism is to reflect the light and so too, should our lives. We should be the instrument through which God walks on earth, the light upon the stone. It is up to us to keep ever present in mind Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy, Mahatma Gandhi and all the great men before us: not to forget what they stood for; what God stands for! It is up to us to remember the Divine teachings!

'DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU!'

'WE ARE ALL SONS OF GOD; THEREFORE EQUAL UNDER HIS EYES!'

It is up to us, as both hope and future, to keep ourselves above the crowd, closer to our destiny, not to putrify in the spider's web. To realize that we have at our disposal, the master key that could open the door to heaven, to a paradise on earth. We have the power to make men free, to turn enemies into friends, war into peace, hatred into love, slums into resorts! We possess this key, just as the ones before us had it.

Let us, therefore, not follow in their footsteps but let us transform, like the worthy prism, and light our own paths, roads, highways and let them all lead to love, humanity and peace.

MARIO SOTOLONGO

MESSAGE FROM THE SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

Fellow Graduates,

An Artist is the innovator, social critic, idealistic wave of the future, holder of golden impulses leading mankind away from "dreary cities" to Life. As our arrival becomes reality, we see imprinted on our still academic soul, the key to the future as unity of Science with Imagination. We see the distant Artist in our selves that can, perhaps, carry a little life in this manner. The rainbow hued spangle is stretched before us, there is an Angel at the end. This is the Artist-unbound but bound to Truth; This is the pot of gold: yellow-light, inspiration; orange-flame; red-love: purple-future, science; indigo-depth, silence; blue-soul; green-health, balance. Reaching to achieve a spectrum within our selves, to arrive at the Angel, we learn to emerge slowly, to be patient, to be honest, to be human.

We, united, like light to enter the prism of high school, now shatter gleaming, friend, and "Face Forward, Voyager!"

Lynn Jarvis
President



Back: Pedro Lopez, President; Mr. Somers, Coordinator of Student Activities.
Front: Ellen LaSpalluto, Secretary; Jeanne Van Sickel, Vice-President;
Rosemarie Tortorello, Treasurer.

Residual Hues

We, the Graduates of 1969, being of sound body and mind (???), do hereby bequeath the following heirlooms to our dearly beloved mentors, in this, our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

MR. DIGEMMA: Fifty new blazor rades
 MRS. KAGIN: El Exige'nte
 MR. KRIGSTEIN: A new phonograph
 MR. KANTOR: A bankruptcy at the G.O. store
 MR. IRELAND: The right to declare World War III
 MISS LEDERMAN: A clean locker room and one class that follows instructions
 MRS. ROSENKRANTZ: Gildenstern
 MRS. WINKLER: A ten cent coupon on a box of Nicoban
 MR. MARCUS: A primer in Freudian psychology
 MR. BIEGELEISEN: Best wishes for a successful new-type face book
 MR. FERGUSON: A fresh supply of rubber cement and an ideal official class
 MR. DOREE: A first class guided tour of a Cretan labryinth
 MR. NAEGELE: A lifetime membership to the National Wildlife Club and American Audubon Society
 MRS. BASKIN: A waiting room and private secretary
 MR. WERNON: A welcome mat
 MR. BERNADIO: A fireproof hat
 MR. SCHAEFFER: All our problems...unsolved
 MISS BRAUNSTEIN: A Maxi skirt
 MRS. BRUSSEL-SMITH: Escargots
 MR. DYSON: A reserved seat at the White Tower
 MRS. ASHLEY: The Bridge of San Luis Rey
 MISS SCHNEIDER: Half of Mrs. Winkler's Nicoban

MRS. KASSON: A can of 'liquid paper'
 MRS. KELLY: A Mini skit
 MRS. McNALLY: A Pan-Am Mexican flight ticket
 MRS. LANCE: A Mini parachute
 MR. KENTON: The Botanical Gardens
 MR. HOFFMAN: Sandie Greenberg and many others
 MR. HOLLINGSWORTH: '...some other reasonable charity!'
 MR. GINSBERG: Beethoven, Bach, and Dylan
 MR. RICHARDT: A pre-recorded cafeteria announcement
 MISS SHEA: A shamrock; and skilled library help
 MISS ALDAN: A Eurythmy class of her very own
 MRS. SCHMIDT: A pair of Jeffersonian boots
 MR. SWITKIN: Lorraine Craig
 MR. SHINE: Seventy-six trombones
 MR. SORETSKY: A jar of 'white paint' so he can always 'make things beautiful'
 MR. LAVIGNE: Weight watcher's praise on a job well done!
 MRS. CLARENCE: A field of cabbages in Key
 THE FACULTY: 'Love...Hope...Thanks!'

Editors: Adele Geraghty
 Leona Seufert



"...AND THE DARKNESS COMPREHENDETH IT NOT."

Man has burst forth from His womb, imposing himself upon his galaxy, claiming the universe as his birthright.

"In the beginning there was..." nothing. From the infinite reaches of time came, a dim memory...Man is born. His skeleton raises him above his contemporaries. His opposing thumb liberates him from the earth.

"In the beginning was the Word, and Word was in God, and the Word was God." Man found his God. He looked to the sky, for a God must reign from above all men, just beyond his reach... He looked, but he did not see; he searched, but remained unfulfilled.

"The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

If only he could reach into the unreachable domains of the birds! Maybe then he would find what he sought. And man tried, and failed, and tried again. And again, his intellect liberated him from the earth, to soar, and to search. But as man reached further, his God became more elusive. Still, just beyond his reach...He looked, but he did not see; he searched, but remained unfilled.

"The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

If only he could scour the stars, bombard the heavens, conquer the celestial barriers... Man's spirit struggled once more. Again he sought to loose himself from his shackling earth. He tried, and failed, and tried again.

"And God saw that it was good."

Again triumphant, man soared to the heavens, challenging the suns. In his infinitesimal anger, he dared the universe to reject him. Man progressed, and man reached; and his God became more elusive. Man learned, and sought even harder...

"The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

Perhaps it is his purgatory, this eternal search....or his hell. Perhaps man will find his God. But then, what could he want more? Most likely, he will try, and fail, and try again...Futilely? ...God knows; is it for us to know also?

"The light shineth in darkness;
and the darkness
comprehendeth it not."

John 1:5

DIERDRE WOLOWNICK

FACETS

We dare not speak our hearts and minds for fear of exposing ourselves, — to ourselves.

We often fail to listen to our own advice to others.

Live by the "next times", and not the "if onlys."

CHRISTINE ENG

The independent man says that ten fingers are your own two hands. The dependent man doesn't know.

HARVEY FIERSTEIN

Faith is but the truth and knowledge of oneself.

He who sees life as hopeless is blind. He should look no further than himself.

ELLEN LASPALUTTO

He who only regards the traffic light, but not the traffic, will one day feel the sting of wheels.

LANCE LOVELACE

A fool imitates but a wise man innovates.

LEONA SEUFERT

Knowledge is not attained by the desire to gain it, but by the patience to achieve it.

LANI MYSAK



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YEAR BOOK ART STAFF





YEAR BOOK PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF



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THE RIGHT TO DISSENT

The right to dissent is a direct offspring of the gift of thinking. Man is endowed with the ability of logic and reason. Through this ability, he is able to weigh and judge situations as they stand. And if he finds the status quo an evil, or the "unacceptable" is good, he has the right to voice his opinion, to attempt to sway public opinion, to bring about change.

To debate and reason is a birthright that no one should have the power to give or take away. Some, however, feel that this right extends beyond peaceful negotiations. They will tread upon the rights of others to have their opinions dominate. They will harm and abuse those who stand in their way. They will not allow for dissent on their views, once they have won their battle. These are the haters of the world, the dictators, the totalitarians.

Once violence is employed, the entire concept of dissent becomes warped and twisted. The use of logic is tossed aside in favor of power. The "might makes right" ideology, which may become popular, is a dangerous one.

If the powers that be, whether they are political, social, literary or economic, prove to be impractical, irrational or archaic, the public, majority or minority, has the right to attempt to alter them. But with this change must go the knowledge that the substitute must be superior in order to succeed.

HOPE SINGER

THE WIND WILL BREAK THOSE WHO CANNOT BEND

We are each a flower growing in a garden whose future comfort and happiness depend only upon the suppleness of our stems, and Nature's whims. And the wind will break those who cannot bend.

Those with hard, brittle bodies will crack at the first sign of a storm, unable to keep up with its growing momentum. Those who are flex-

ible and mellow, will gracefully sway, and adapt themselves to Nature's many faces.

The man who cannot compromise, who cannot forgive, who cannot adjust himself to each day's problems, will surely break with the effort of standing so tall and straight. If we were meant always to be upright, we would not have joints.

JO AMY SHULMAN

HOURLASS

My entire life, up to this point, has been a jigsaw puzzle of images and people. I am still trying to put all of these puzzle pieces together so that I can understand each sequence, each face, because I know that each small detail has been but a layer added to the moulding of my being.

My entire existence has been destroyed and rebuilt. Destroyed and rebuilt like the needlework of man's own existence. I find myself analyzing that person inside of me like a stranger is probed with suspicion by villagers.

My art and my poetry are my mirrors reflecting outward. But the storm of confusion within me erupts continually and clouds my line of aesthetic thoughts. I have been swept along with the tides of worldly exasperations and delusions.

I am now beginning to grasp the moulding clay of my life and have now become the sculptor and the critic.

BRENDA BRANCH

AWARENESS

To be aware is to be alive. This statement expresses a definite necessity of life. Awareness! A person must be conscious of all that goes on in the world, in order to be alive. Otherwise, he is only existing; a vegetable that goes on day to day, interested only in his minute section of life.

Knowledge of many subjects broadens a person's outlook on life and enables him to live

it more fully. Being aware of others' feelings, faults, and attributes provides a basis for meeting people from many walks of life.

Those people who are not conscious of the world and its people, become very shallow and are to be pitied; pitied because they do not have the maturity to look at the world with searching eyes, and to forget about themselves.

The sad part of this philosophy is that those who follow it are in the minority, and tend to be shut out of the world of the unaware. These people have now become the observers.

VICKI NANOS

ON RESPONSIBILITY

One cannot take full credit for one's accomplishments in life unless one also takes the blame for one's failures. It is always easy to label one's foibles neuroses caused by a neglectful parent or an unsympathetic teacher. But it would then follow that any good that came of one's life was a result of valuable training or assistance by a parent or teacher. Thus the individual dwindles to a passive instrument of his environment and the people he comes in contact with, unless he assumes responsibility for all of his actions.

BETH IRWIN

THROUGH A STAINED GLASS WINDOW

Welcome, Students and Faculty of the H.S. of Art and Design...So you're a Freshman...Late-nesses are not excused...It's like a long drink of water...you walk to the seventh floor...that's two doors left from the gym after you have made a right turn...Only on Friday...if you pay your dues...The escalators might work today...No. They only go up...What? Your T-square is caught in the...leaking water fountain on the seventh floor...If only we had air...The terrace is now open...No we don't have student lounges...Would you like to buy a ticket to the eight floor pool?

Welcome back...No we do not give psy-

chiatric counseling...go see the dean...What? You're a Soph?...100%...Saw Rosenkranz is alive and well... in Bio test tubes you...don't drop him ...\$11.95 for a portfolio!...Who's Charly?...A-portfolio...What?...He rides a bike to school... only when it rains it leaks...A special assembly on drugs will be held... when the G.O. store opens ...next Fall.

So now you're a Junior...Where were you during the strike?...in the infirmary...You must take the PSAT...Don't forget to take home your dirty socks...From A to Z in the cafeteria...The deadline is tomorrow...I don't care if you were asleep...go back for a pass...List your shop... O.K. Who has the radio playing?...Now don't forget to anchor your bandages by...pulling the arms up...or you get into shock and your body...will need a portfolio to graduate...Do I hear any volunteers?...As of today you are suspended... What? Hamburgers again!...rows nine and one ...no you can't wear shorts...Report to Mrs. Einstein...your transcripts show that you lack...a T-Square...And now the Star Spangled Banner will be sung by.

Your Senior president would like to have a word...that's great...You're a Senior...Senior dues?...a 23" T-square...H.A?...It's a course for Seniors...to play hooky at least once during school...puts you in the 90th percentile...Due to the heavy snowfall...the cafeteria..is closed.. Paints..Palettes..please pose and hold still... don't sneeze on the camera..because you failed your twelfth year Math...501 class rank...who's number one?...number two?...tried harder... SAT...when's Senior Day?...at the end of the Prom...two months to the deadline...one month ...four days..."You extend your right hand, dummy"...Regents?...What a year!...We are gathered here...No more school!...Diplomas are now being distributed...Good Luck...Made it!

LEONA SEUFERT





Crystal Memories

we'll never forget when:

9th YEAR—

We took our entrance exams for A&D.
 We met our first friend.
 We bought a ticket for the swimming pool
 on the seventh floor.
 An escalator stopped while we were riding on it.
 We collided "Up the Down Staircase."
 We ate our first delicious, well-balanced
 cafeteria lunch.
 We did exercises in the Girl's Gym to the tune
 of *Chicken Fat*.
 We indulged in Friday "socials" between the
 boys and girls in the gym.
 We held conversations on the desk tops.

10th YEAR—

The Transit strike.
 We sat in the gym listening to Peter Yarrow sing.
 Murray the K and his K girls visited our school.
 Mr. Shine's symphony orchestra performed during
 the snow storm in the auditorium.
 Mr. Marcus and Mrs. Lance performed as Batman
 and Robin.
 Rain gently fell upon our head from the
 cafeteria ceiling.
 Harvey screaming through the halls.
 White Tower was off-limits because of kids
 cutting classes.
 We turned into a screaming mob of kids when
 Oleg Cassini and Igor visited our school.
 Our sorrow at the death of Yolanda Cross.
 The setting of trends for men's fashions by
 the Beatles.
 We were excused for being late due to a stalled
 train we were not on.



11th YEAR—

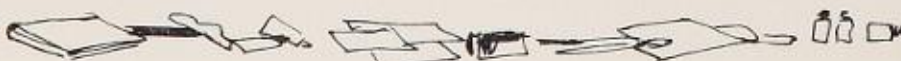
The assassination of Martin Luther King.
 The assassination of Robert Kennedy.
 Sadie Hawkins Day broke loose in A&D.
 The girl's victory to wear pants in school.
 Boys were being thrown out of school for wearing
 long hair.
 Some friends of ours were busted for smoking
 marijuana in the Boy's room.
 Harvey went screaming through the halls again.
 Pedro made his famous unauthorized speech for
 G.O. president.
 James Boyle ran across the stage dressed as a
 girl during the 1968 Spring Festival.
 The members of ballet company stuck their
 tongues out at the A&D audience.
 Roddy McDowell, Roy Doty, and Betsy Johnson
 visited A&D.
 The Charlie Brown Christmas production was
 performed by the graduates of 1968.
 The girls' locker room was flooded.
 The unfortunate death of Rosendo Bello.

12th YEAR—

The teacher strike
 The fuel strike
 A&D students held demonstrations against the
 45 (forty-five) minute extension day.
 Harvey is screaming through the halls.
 Our sorrow at the loss of Roland Jones.
 We received our college acceptance letters.
 Our graduation from the High School of
 Art & Design.
SENIOR DAY
 I'll never forget my fellow artists and friends
 of A & D.



HELENE GROSSMAN





Seated: Adele Geraghty, Judith Daniel, Tish Mulcay, Pat Cleveland, Nancy Friedlander, Valerie Tryon, Phyllis Marano.
 Standing: Pedro Lopez, James Boyle, Val Ramirez, Sergio Arena, Harvey Fierstein.

A Prism Parade of Images

MOST POPULAR GIRLS

Phyllis Marono, Nancy Friedlander
together; you give the colors needed to form
 a rainbow of unity

Pedro Lopez **MOST POPULAR BOY**
Like a storm emerging, in the calm of a
 tranquil sea

Valerie Tryon **MOST ORIGINALLY DRESSED GIRL**
 Your clothes are woven from mirrors reflecting
 inward

Margaret Caiola **BEST LOOKING GIRL**
And so, like magic, your beauty transcends;
 the collage is complete

Val Ramirez **BEST DRESSED BOY**
And you, Val, are like the infinite prism, your
 clothes are a complement to your soul

Tish Mulcay **BEST ACTRESS**
And like a chameleon, the actress plays a
 myriad role in the sequence

James Boyle **BEST ACTOR**
What powers do you possess that capture
 audiences at a second's glance?

Adele Geraghty **CLASS POET**
The writer as poet transforms the beauty of the
 mind into a vocal Renaissance

Sergio Arena **BEST LOOKING BOY**
The soul has a beauty, threefold, that of the
 physical image

Beth Irwin **BEST DANCER**
Dance the songs of your soul Dancer....in the
 beginning God created the Dancer

Harvey Fierstein **CLASS PROPHET**
And what do prophets do when the fortune
 cards reverse their vengeance?

Elaine Jasper **BEST SINGER**
the voice of the singer is the music of the
 prism, exploding

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
 Pat Cleveland, Judith Danielle
The reign of success is infinite...and beautiful

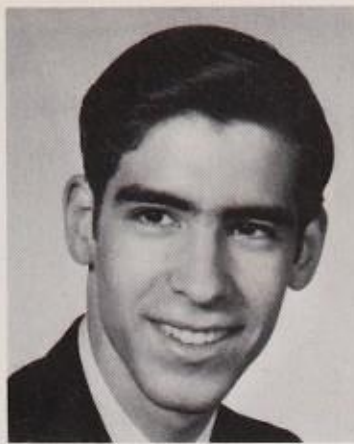
Harvey Fierstein **CLASS COMEDIAN**
The jester is an intrinsic part of the prism
 when the jester leaves, the prism dies

BRENDA BRANCH—Editor

architecture



ARCHITECTURE is: organization. An idea made three dimensional. It's a slide rule. An adjustable triangle. A t-square. A friendly word of advice. It's the knowledge of yesterday. Experiments for tomorrow. A search for a better tomorrow. It's a floor plan. A blue print. An idea that just might work. It's thinking. Discussing. It's understanding people. Architecture is the future.



Francisco Acevedo



Gayle Michelle Allsop



Mitchel L. Azzolin



Joseph Anthony Barberio



Stephanie G. Callas



Robert P. Castaldi



Stanley Chin



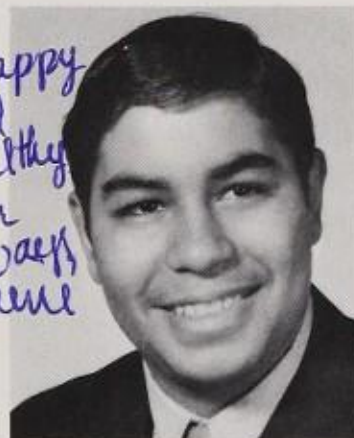
Tommy Chu



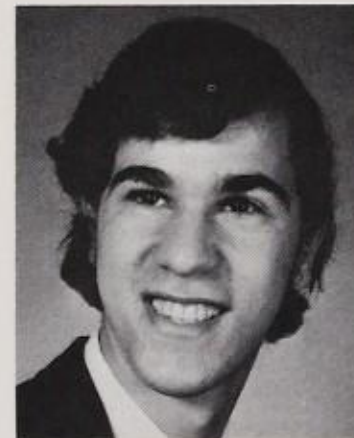
Patricia Kay Fields



Laurie Friedman



John Galindez



David Goldman



Joseph Luis Gonzalez



William G. Hudson Jr.



Nevenka Jurcic



James Klovach



Kalervo M. Laine



Jim Lee

With love to a friend Harry Leopold



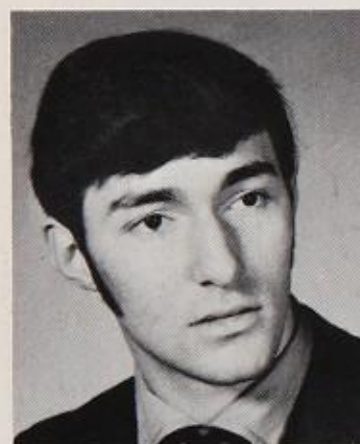
Harry Leopold



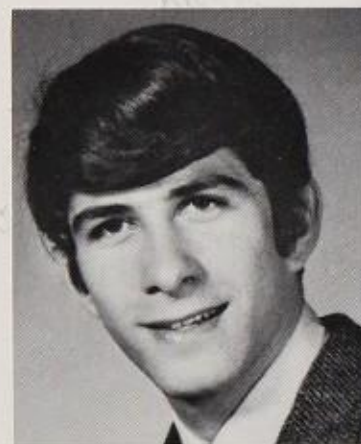
Leora Yael Lewin



Raymond Lopez



Enzo Vito Marchetta



George John Marino



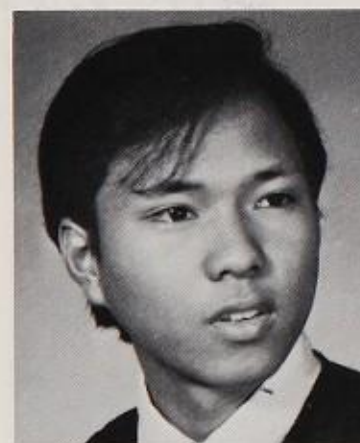
Richard Ong



Thomas Leslie Reed



Jaime A. Rivera



Jerry G. Servito



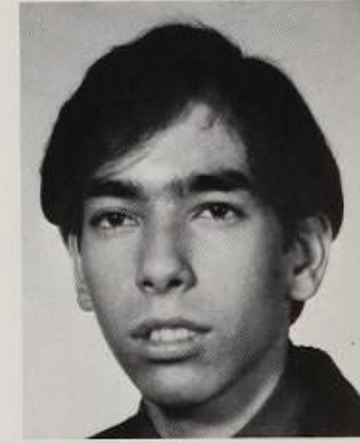
Steve Follett Smith



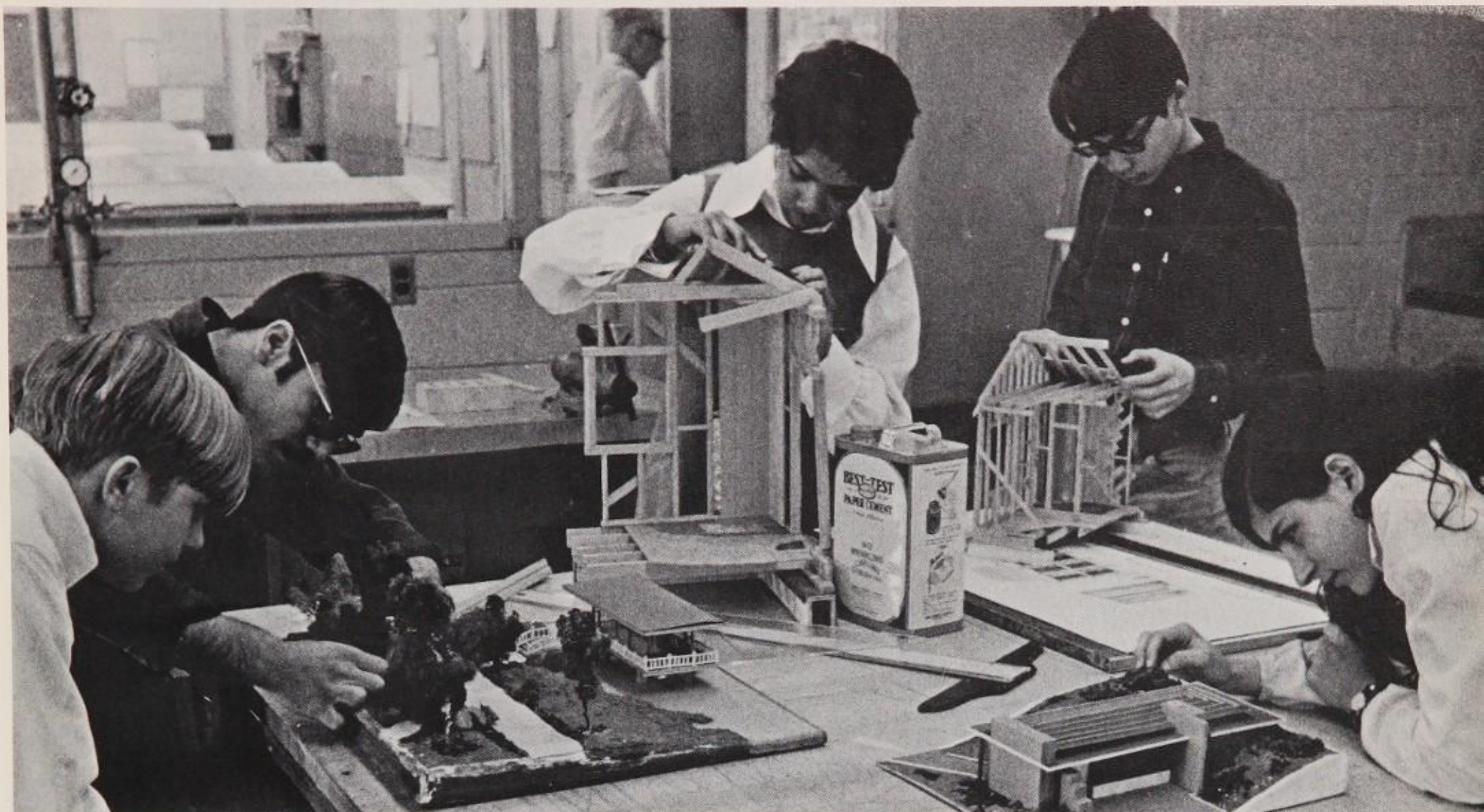
Kai C. Tong



Benjamin Velez



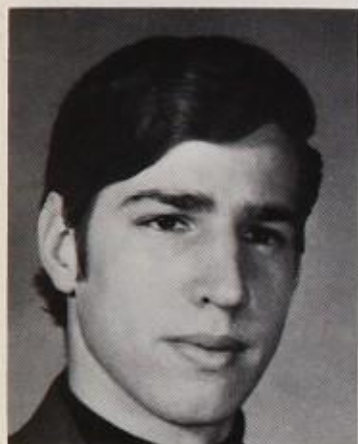
Pablo Emilio Vengoechea



cartooning



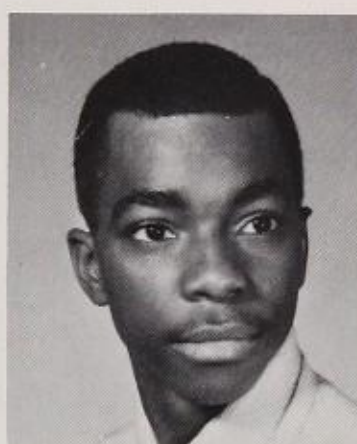
CARTOONING is: the meeting of the imagination and pencil.
It's a laugh, a chuckle, or maybe just a grin. It's a funny little figure.
A character with an irregular nose. It's a creation. The imagination.
It's odd-shaped people. A daydream set on paper. It's life made simple.
It's living in an animated world. Hope your characters are accepted.
It's becoming a new Walt Disney. It's creating your own Miss Peach.



Mark Steven Agoado



Lorraine Cheryl Brooks



Freddie Burris



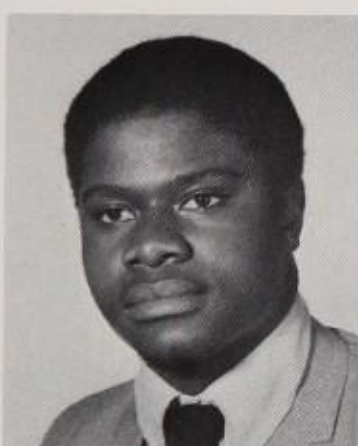
Gary Stephen Dorfman



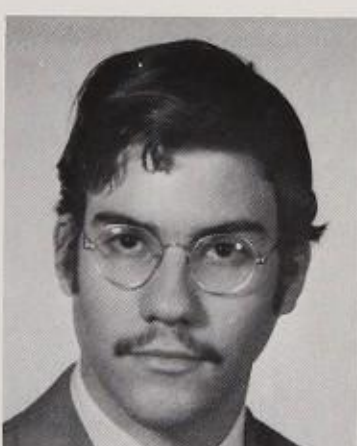
Feliks Andrew Gailitis



Adele Celeste Geraghty



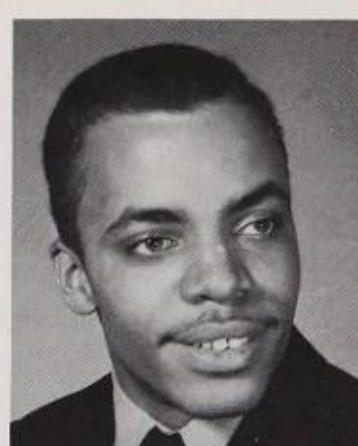
Martin Garth Golding



Samuel Gonzalez



Daniel Andrew Haskett



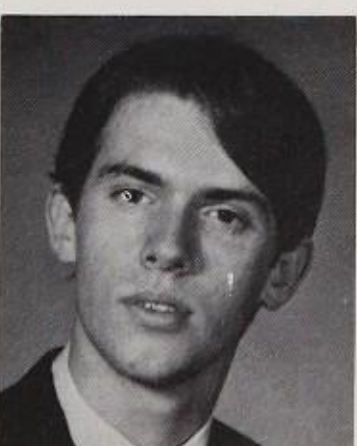
Steven Eric Jones



Daniel Karppinen



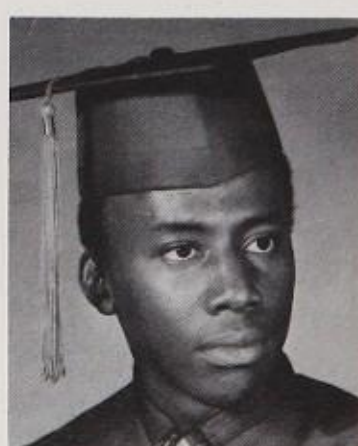
Robert N. LoSapio



Louis Marek



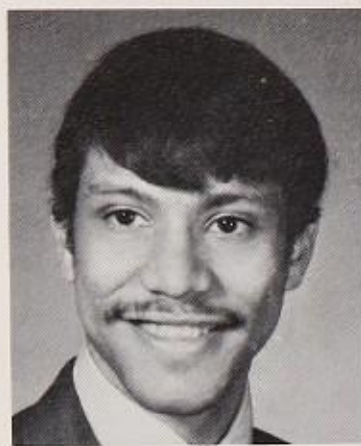
Ralph Montalvo



Michael Nix



Stephen Nonnon



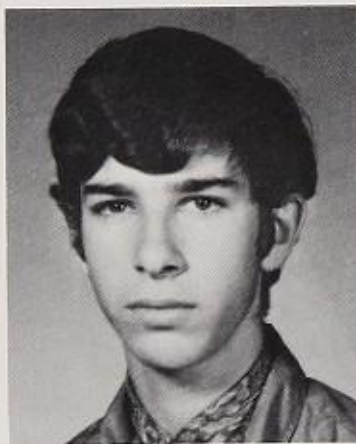
Eddie Rodriguez



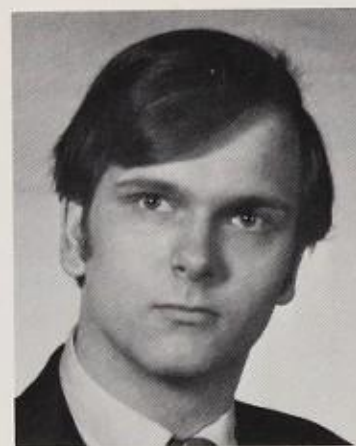
Matthew Rosenzweig



Mario Matthew Sotolongo



John Terribile

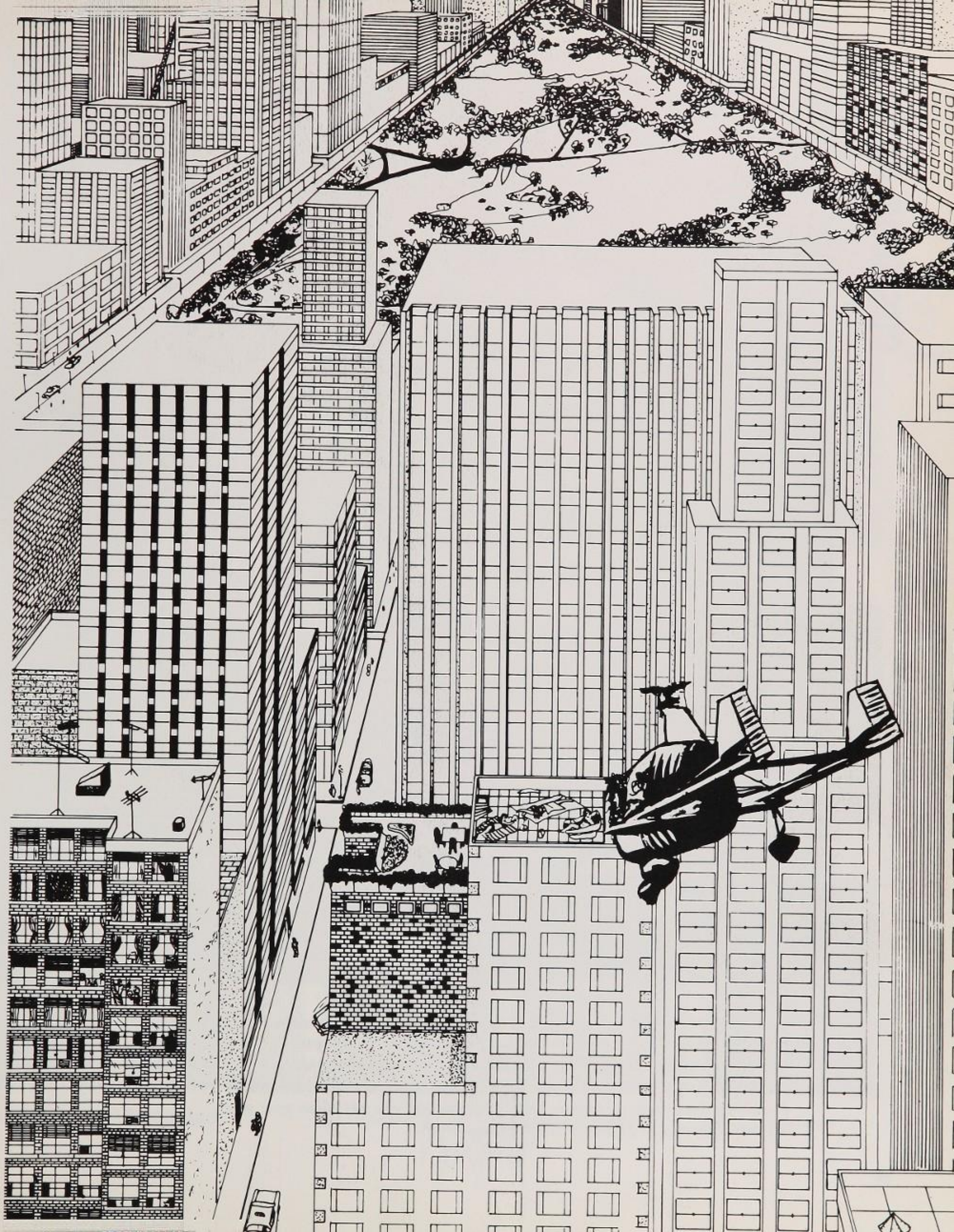


Warren Westbo



Arthur Williams Jr.







COSTUME DESIGN is: a world of colors, fabrics and silhouettes. It's trying to make that distorted figure like a human. It's forever glancing through Woman's Wear Daily. A constant search for ideas. It's understanding why people dress the way they do. Analyzing the modes of dress. It's the proud, raise-your-head-high feeling you get when your work is complimented. It's frustration. It's inspiration.



Ilana Adelstein



Patrice Elaine Alexander



Charlene Avellino



Best wishes in all
Susan Joy Black that you do!
Love,
Susi



Harriete Reba Bernstein



Andrea Bodnar



Yolán Boncher



Johnnie Dean Bracy



Dawnette Branson



Leni Cyrille Brechner



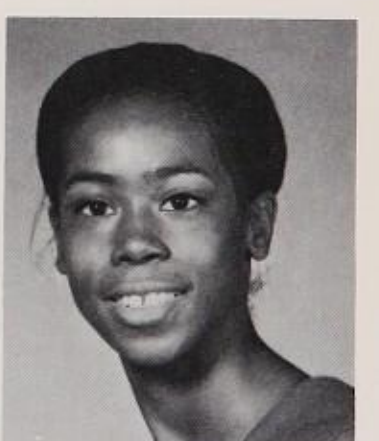
Janice Carol Chin



Nancy L. Chu



Patricia Ann Cleveland



Wilma Clark



Doris Alicia Cordero



Emil R. Delgado



Boni Lynne Fine



Linda Maria Francis



Patricia Louise Fraser



Vickie Gail Goodson



Sandra Gilman



Patricia Griffin



Fern Suzanne Grossman



Wanda Hagans



James Hanley



Lydia Harris



Beatrice Heller



Carole Marie Hinkley



Elaine Huang



Esther Huie



Cynthia Anne Jones



Susan Jung



Gail Kenney



Melissa Jay Kessler



Ellen Jane Laspalluto



Debbie Agnes Letai



Carolyn S. McCombs



Joann Milano



Elba Iris Montero



Doris Frieda Neubauer



Marita Anita Neumann



Starzetta Diniticia Newsome



Marie Yvonne Parke



Judith Pfeffer



Pat Polk



Catherine Anne Rebstock



Amy Joyce Rosenberg



Melinda Phyllis Rosenzweig



Erica Rose Sajowitz



Jacqueline Veronica Sanguy



Leona Margaret Seufert



Karin S. Sollich



Helayne Robin Spivak



Lisa Suri Steinberg



Carolyn Stella



Michele Storch



Rita Tilas



Nancy Ann Tom



Ann Marie Torres



Arlene Tygar



Janet Marie Wagner



Sheri Weiss



Lauralee Wickens



Adriane Wirshborn



Sharon Bonnie Wohl



Rosie Wolecki



Ellen Barbara Yankowitz



Marina Youssis



Susanne Glock

CAMERA SHY

George Abagnalo

John D. Arlequin

Gloria Brown

Regina E. Cooper

Robert Fall

Ruth Celeste Felix

Linda Flake

Ricardo M. Gomez

George Gotsis

Batshevah Irwin

Rinaldo Iturrino

Mark Kotowski

LaVon Denise Leak

Beth London

Anthony Maniscalco

Nora T. Mendez

Belinda C. Morris

James Panyko

Jaen Doris Patton

Toni Raben

Valentin Ramirez

Linda Lorraine Rodriguez

Andrea R. Schwartz

Jo Amy Shulman

Maria Elena Vasquez

Inez Vasquez

Elizabeth Mary Ward

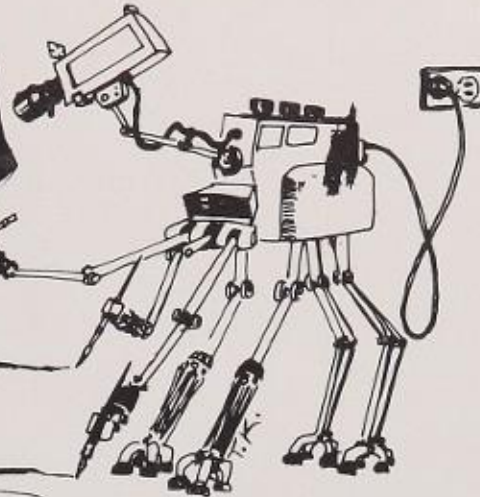
Dorothy Anne Welsh



chiaroscuro



8 May



Tom Kostko



Tom Kostko

MARTIN GOLDBERG



ESCALATOR

BOYS

G. How



FASHION ILLUSTRATION is: creating an emotion on illustration board. The look of Vogue, Bazaar, Elle. It's styled rendering. It is interpreting a pose or a photograph in your own way. It's the spirit in you...your imagination intertwined with the execution. It's informal critiques... interchange of ideas. It's pen lines, Japanese brush lines, charcoal pencils. It is weaving the real with fantasy. It's alive, vibrant, moving. It's today. It's tomorrow.



Gloria Adams



Helen Argenziano



Marlene Mary Arnaiz



Alexandrina Eleanor Barreiro



Nora Beckerman



Leslie Carol Bradley



Yolanda Cedo



Sue Chin



Veronica Cilich



Karen Yolanda Clarke



Joanne Marie Corrado



Linda Cortazzo



Judith Maria Daniele



Gail Ellen Debel



Joyce Lynn Doerrlamm



Renée Drucker



Celeste Sharon Ericsson



Karen Farber



Diane Lee Ganci



Elizabeth Ann Gimpel



Carmen Justina Gonzalez



Violene Diane Hall



Betty Hom



Susan Hovnan



Delcina Dorothy Jones



Marlene R. Kaplan



Sandra Kaplan



Maria Kovacs



Mildred Lee



Susan Levitan



Kathie Sue Longariello



Giovanna Victoria Mantovani



Valerie Mele



Ellen Joyce Pearlstein



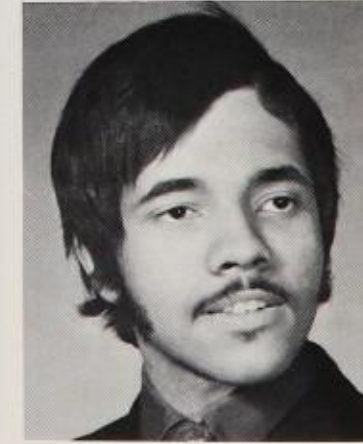
Despina Peratsakis



Sharyn Pincus



Dianna Marie Popp



Forest Ray

69 1/2 Gilda lots of luck Success Vie

Just look best of luck always Gilda Jane Marlene

Dear Gilda, best of luck in whatever you do! no more KLEIN! Love. Millie

lots of luck always Love Gilda

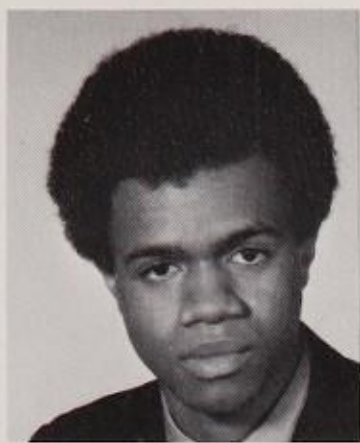
to Gilda Stay happy Love Gilda

Just see the front space is so small! Love Ellen

Dear Gilda, best of luck Dianna



Liisa Ingrid Ripatti



Gerald L. Robinson



Lourdes Rodriguez



Arlene Schwartz



James A. Salerno



Maria Luisa Savino



Patricia Ellen Singelton



Barbara Stamatopoulos



Rosemary Thomasine Steele



Dolores A. Toto



Valerie Tryon



Tina Yvonne Utsey



Caryn H. Ward



Lucy Weitzman

*Dear Ruth
Good luck to
a real sweet
person. Love,
Caryn*

illustration and advertising art



ADVERTISING ART is: a rare moment contemplating blank space. The weaving of minds and ideas. A deeply motivated desire to accomplish. It's heavy portfolios. Broken ink bottles staining your books. Empty pockets robbed by art supplies. The Monday to Friday mad dash to clean up. The banging of drawing board, clinking of t-squares. It's spilling paint. It's a ruling pen with a mind all its own. It's creation of colors that span an age. It's creating. It's advertising Art.



Vicci Abel



Lois Abrahams



Sergio Alvarado



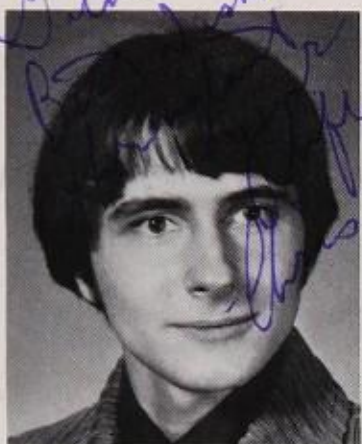
Andrew James Anderson



Linda Annis



Tom Austin



Christopher Alexander Austopchuk



Lisa Corinne Bacchus



Curtis Myles Bailey



Karena Bedrich



Helen Behar



Agnes Berry



Lorraine Grace Bonomo



James Aloysius Boyle



Brenda Branch



Dalton Brown



Bernhard Byer



Margaret Caiola



Al Joseph Camillo Jr.



Andrew Caputo



Peter Rocco Carella



Bob Carlson



Felix Carrion



Robert I. Catalano



Linda Chiariello



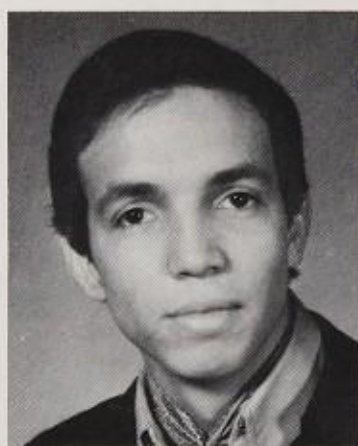
Doris Chin



Deborah Karen Clemensen



Salvatore Anthony Coppola



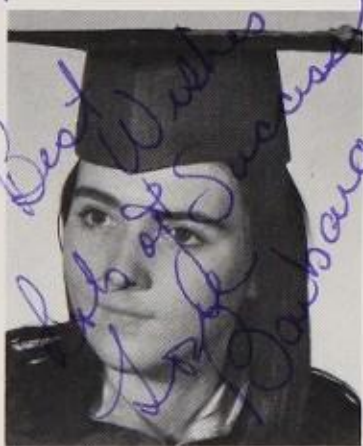
Rod Joseph Correa Jr.



Laura Cosentino



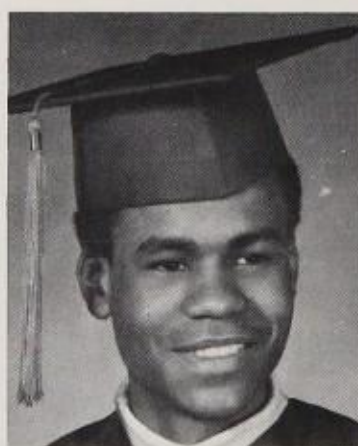
Beverly Karen Crisciullo



Barbara Ann Daley



Barbara Ellen Dametrick



Gregory Lamonte Daniels



Allen Davis



Mindy Davis



Angel M. Diaz



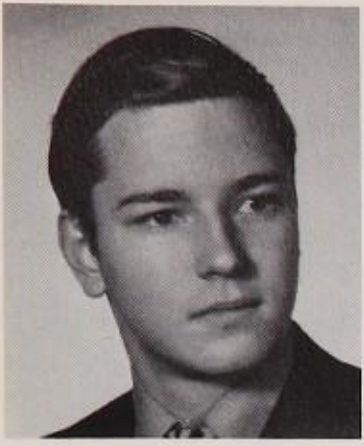
Felix L. Disla



Margaret Domini



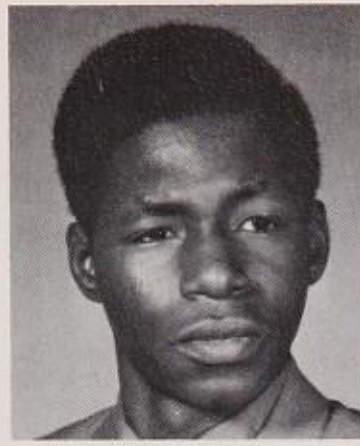
Stephanie Douglas



Thomas Lowman Dula



Roberta E. Edelson



Donald Ellison



Emily Emmi



Christine Rebecca Eng



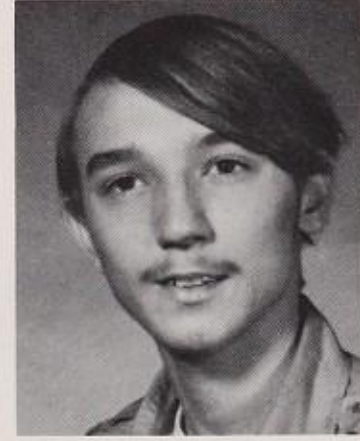
Jack E. Fenn



Angela Denise Ferrari



Harvey Forbes Fierstein



Harold James Finley



Diane Fisher



Nanci Friedlander



Vicki Friedlander



Janet Fay Friedman



Henry Galiano



Virginia Louise Gee



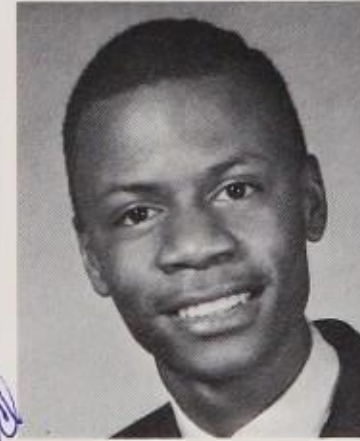
Daniel J. Geraghty



Lisa Angela Gibilie



Andrea S. Gilbert



Ricardo Gittings



Dave Clarence Glenn



Rosalind Leah Glick



Fred Harry Goldberg



Lora Goldstein



Sherry Goldstein



Janet Lynn Gordon



Sandie Aileen Greenberg



Sylvia Greenhouse



Paul David Greenwald



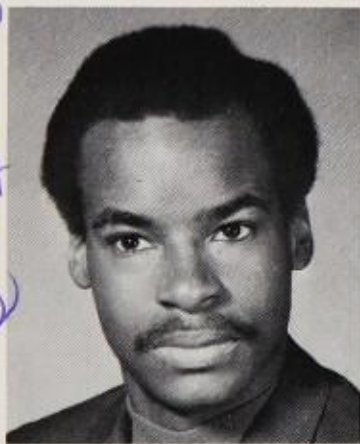
Madeline Grossman



Martha Anne Grossman



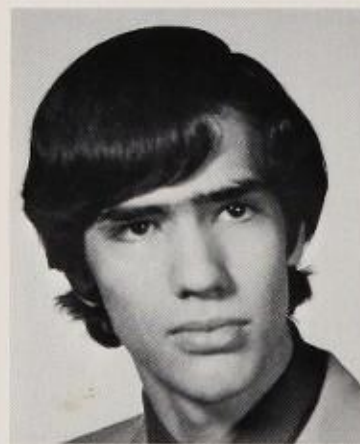
Gilda Grunbaum



Gary L. Gulston



Freddie Gutierrez



Carlos J. Guzman



Milena Haglich



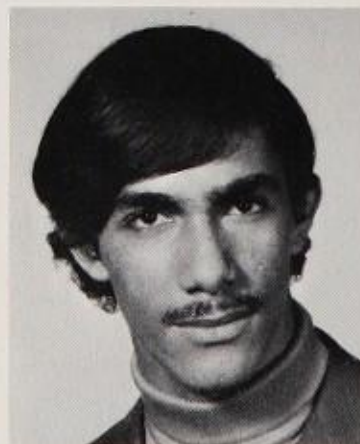
Idelle A. Hammond



Jeanne A. Hank



Allan Hayes



Julio A. Hazim



Samuel Hernandez



Elsie Helen Holmes



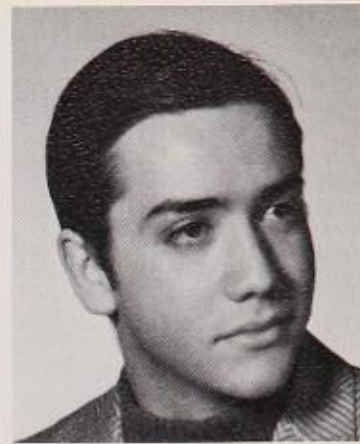
George Hom



Robert Hom



Earl Brown Ingram



Carl G. Jaeger



Douglas Richard Jetter



Miriam E. Jiménez



Irene Kai



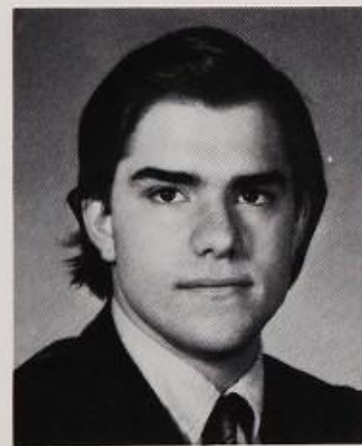
Lois Kasner



Margaret Katona



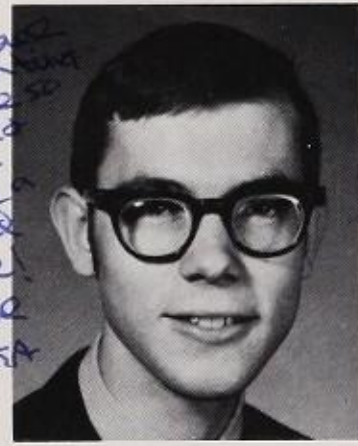
Erna L. Kevelier



Paul Killian



Lisa Klinghoffer



Thomas J. Kostro



Susan Linda Kramer



Lynn Marie Kudelka



Jane Labie



Christine Ladas



Judith Anne Lee



Madeline Lempert

*Best
Dear Gilda,
Lots of luck in all your do's!
See you at Lehman
Love,
Madeline*



Andrea Marsha Levy



Lance Lovelace



Eva Luise



Stela Mandel



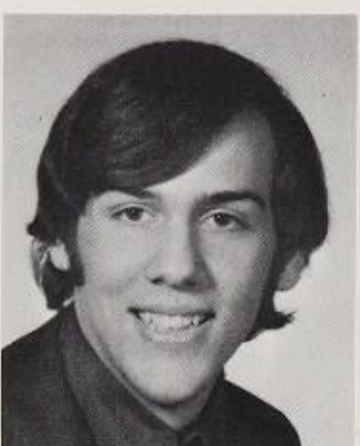
Andrea Manning



William Timothy Mantlo



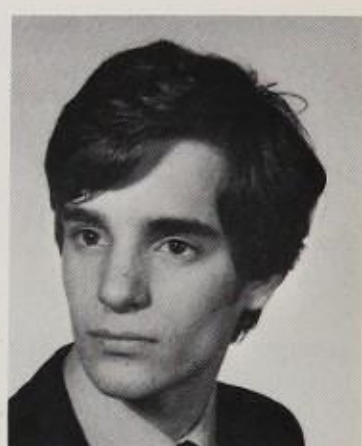
Phyllis Marano



Stephen F. T. Marchesi



James Mason



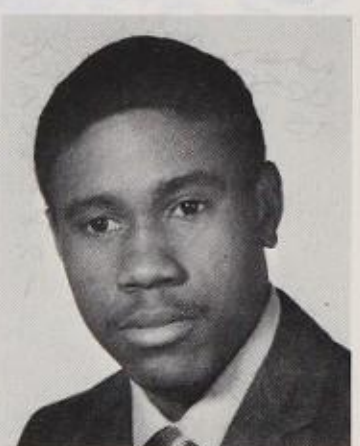
Michael Mastros



Debra Anita Mayer



Cheryl E. Mayes



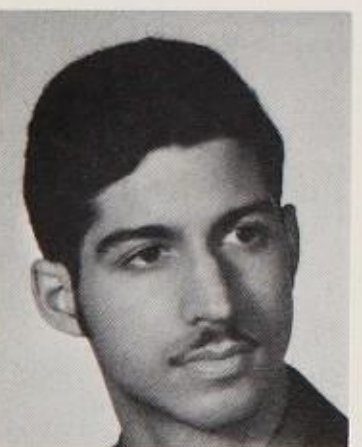
Carlos A. Maynard



Russell McCollin



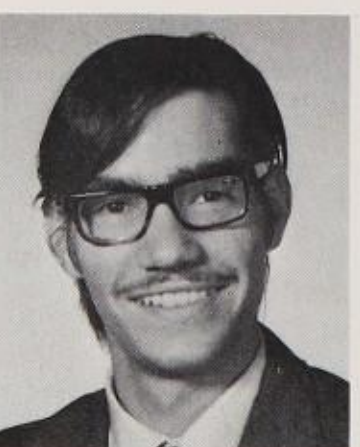
Medrano Antonio McPherson



Alex Mercado



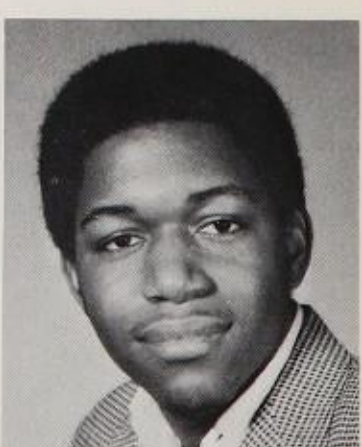
Yolanda Mercado



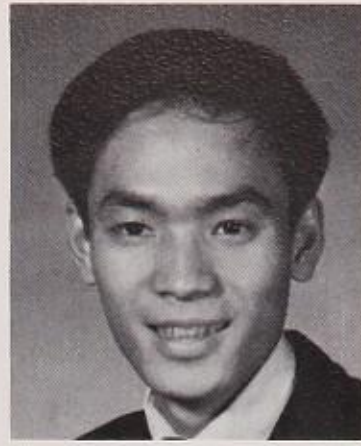
John A. M. Merjave



Angela Barbara Michaels



Leo Anthony Minor



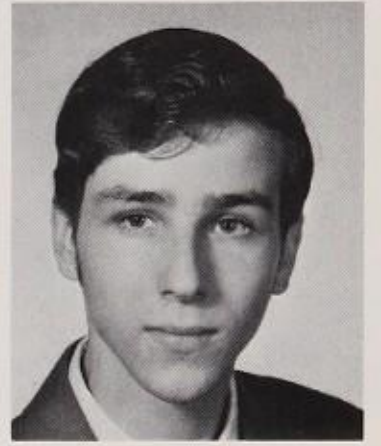
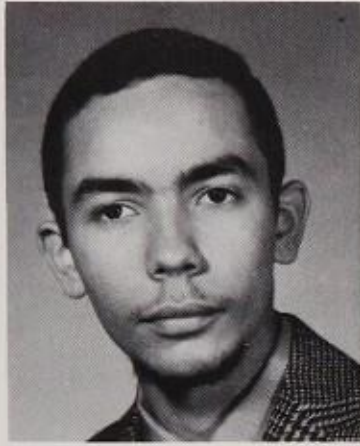
Joan Regina Moniot

Claudio Alfred Montefiori

Susan Moszenberg

George Yun San Moy

Tish Marie Mulcay



Mary Muller

Ernan Muniz

Rosita Murray

Melanie Mysak

Daniel Harrison Nachowitz



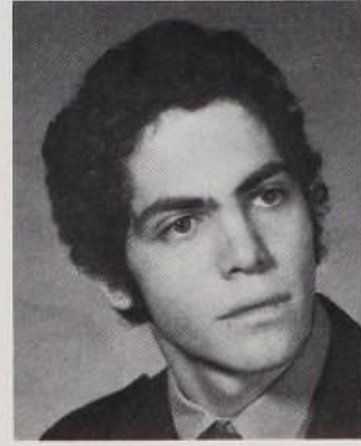
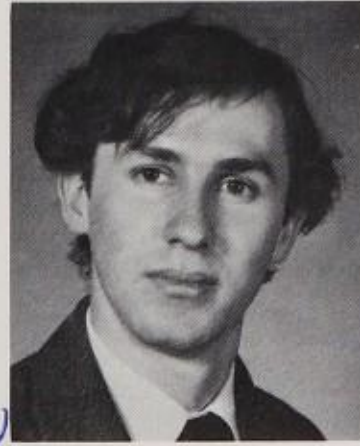
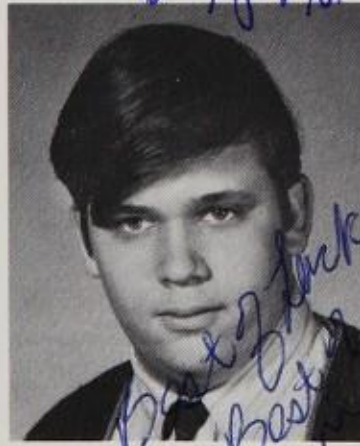
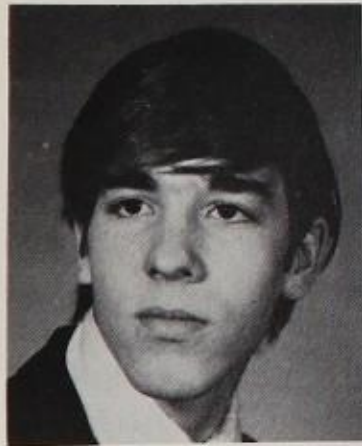
Pamela S. Nadeau

Vicki C. Nanos

Annette Nappi

Mark F. Oliva

Lynn Carol Olsen



Kenneth James Pagliuca

Ira Paperman

John Paslawsky

Hector Perez

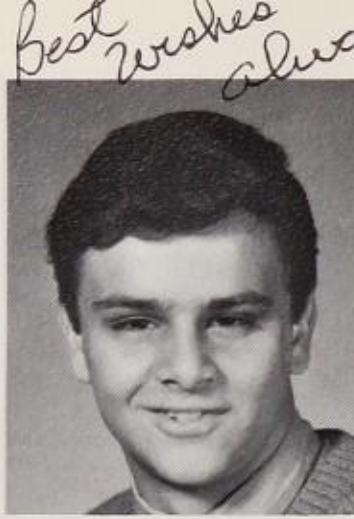
Barbara Nell Perrin



Chris Emil Peterson



Ainsworth Phillips



Richard Lewis Pilone



Randi L. Pincus



Valerie Poulos



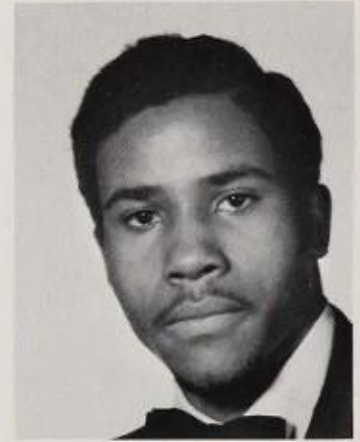
Sophie Prentoulis



Robert Privitera



Victor Manuel Quinones



George Reeder Jr.



Celeste Reid



Karon Reiter



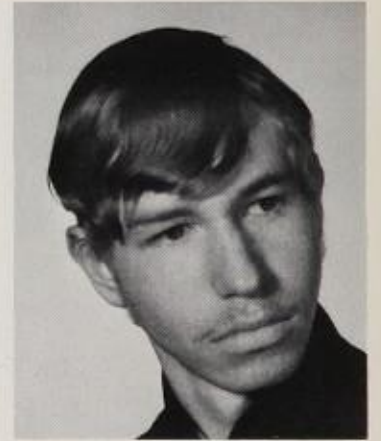
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Roxanne Rivera



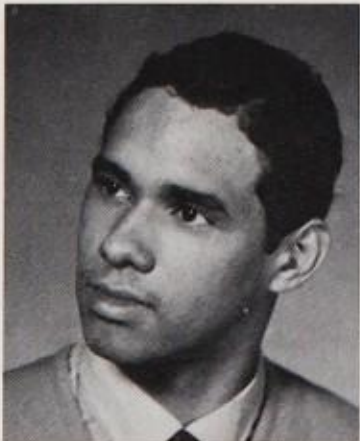
Clement A. Roach



Andre George Rodrigue



Alan George Rodriguez



Salvador Rodriguez



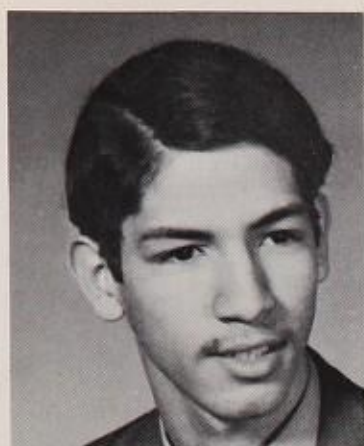
Zitamarina Rodriguez



Naomi Rosado



Idalia Rosario



Miguel Rosario



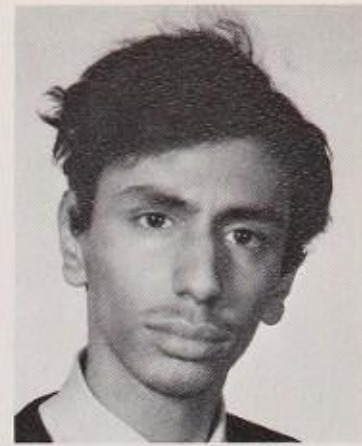
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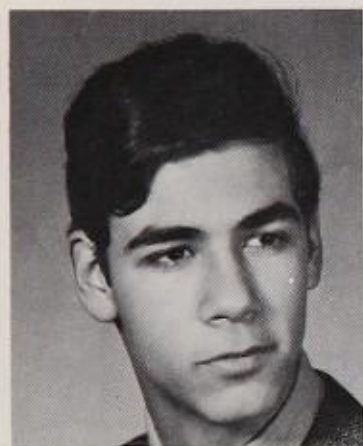
Paul Rubino



Robert Jadon Ryan



Juan Santiago



Barry Lee Schaeffer



Lucille Viola



Judy Sciurba



Charles Johnson Scott



Chari Dean Sharpton



Laura Shepherd



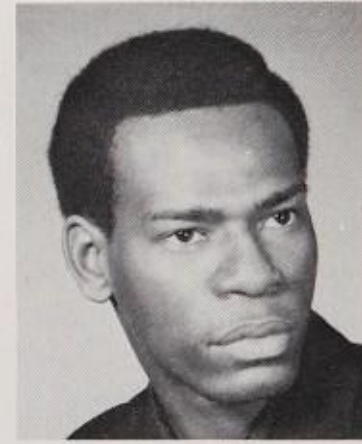
Stanley Simms



Amanda Smith



Lawrence David Smith



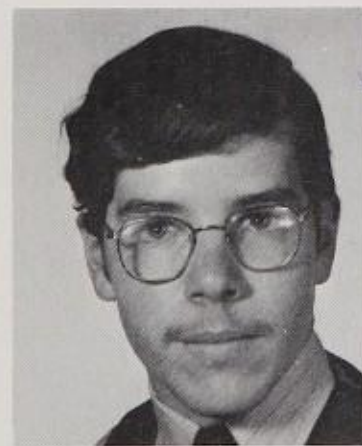
Richard L. Smithson



Larry Jan Spears



Sharlene E. Spingler



Alan Robert Spivack



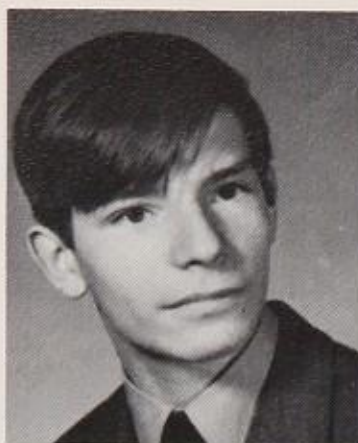
Janet Deborah Stern



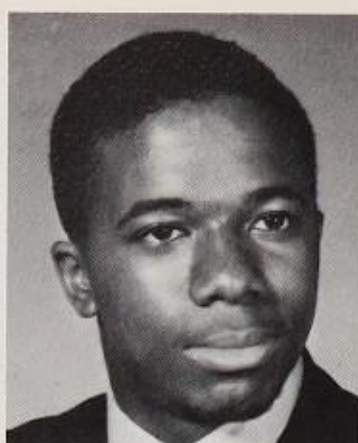
Marc Alan Stern



Anda Stipins



John Stockton



Steven Craig Stubbs



Diana Lee Tablinger



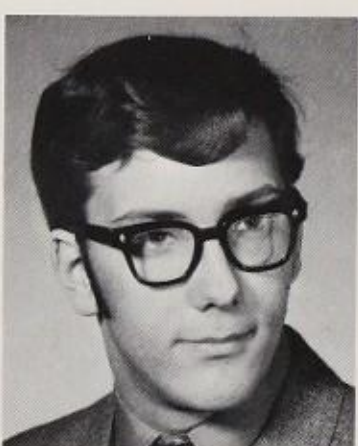
George James Tatay



Doranne F. Thomson



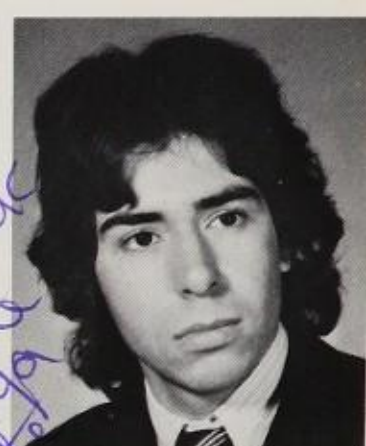
Yvonne Thompson



Thomas M. Tweddle



Peter Vazquez



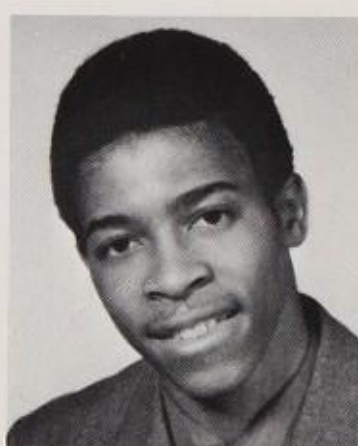
Anthony Vita



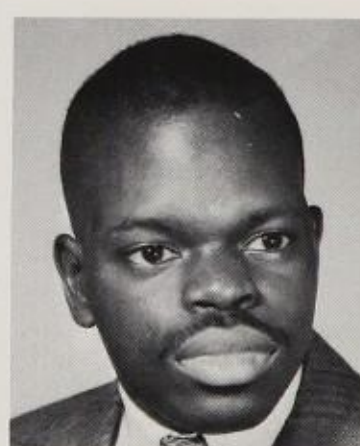
Robert Vitale



Gail Vrana



James Walker



Randolph Walker



Yvonne Washington



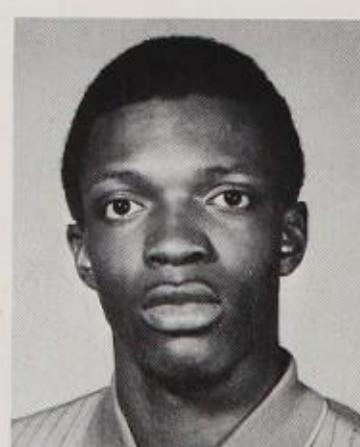
Wilford Walter Watts



Shelley Gail Weiss



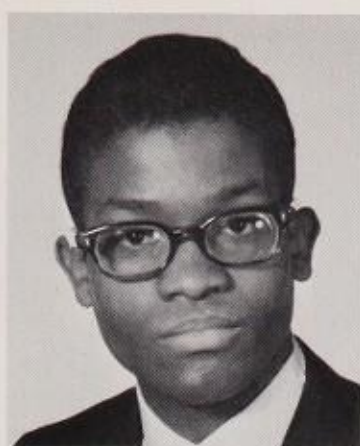
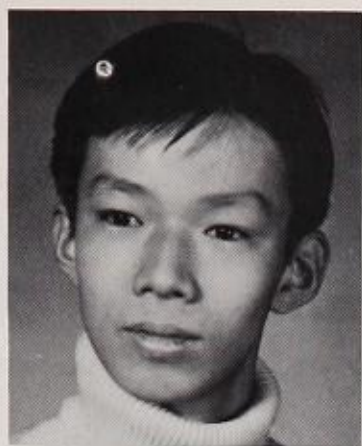
Kenny R. West



Mason Wilder



Madelyn Williams



*Dear Jeannie
Good Luck
& Wishes
Best H.
Jeannie H.*

Dierdre Amelie Wolownick

Richard M. Woo

Guy Darryl Woodard

Jeannie Doris Haldorsen

*Heloo
Good Luck Always
Dorothy*



Knut H. Jakobsen



Dorothy Lew



Ada Pullini

*Hi Dorothy
You've been really
sweet & personable
wonderful ways
stay. Love
Dorothy*





PACKAGE DESIGN is: expressiveness in design. The psychology of people...what they like and why. Hours spent laboring over a drawing board. The T.F. book propped up in front of you. It is diligently trying to recreate the letters staring back at you. It's the pursuit of precision. It is being told a "W" is not really an upside-down "M". It's a lot of patience and perspiration and a great deal of relief when someone says, "I like that one best."



David Baker



Elyse Arnow



Nanne M. Carroll



Roni Jane Eisenberg

*To Gilda Best of Luck
she's
Love
Love*



Steven Lawrence Feinberg



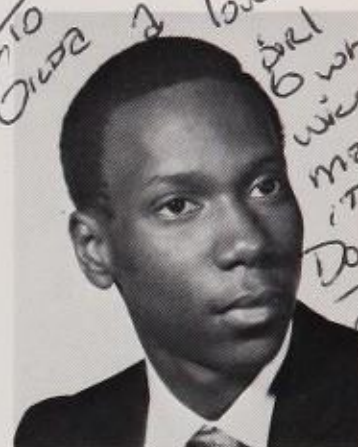
Michele Sue Kay



Doris J. Lee



Nancy Rose Leo

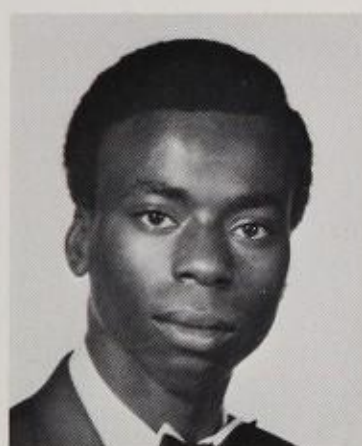


Larry Alonzo Nesbitt

*To Gilda I love
del
to who
will
make
it.
Do your
thing
Gilda
Love
Love*



Karen A. Pikanowski



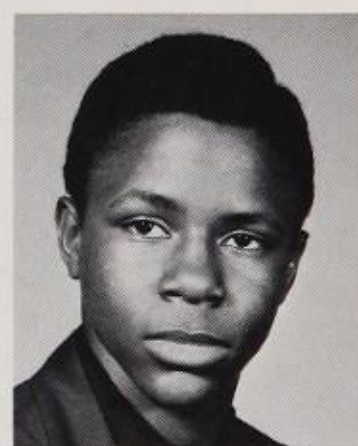
Nathaniel Riddles



Fern Rosenbaum



Barbara Silverman



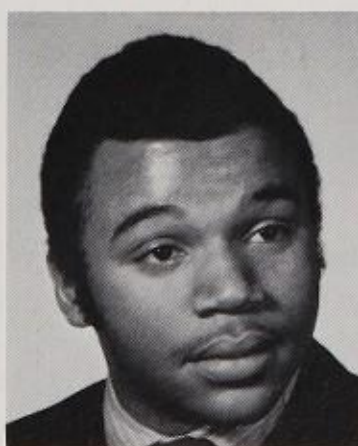
Y. B. Simpson



Angela Regina Trerotola



Marina M. Valcarcel



Ronald Leon West



Hedy Wolfe

*Dear Gilda,
Good luck
always. - you
deserve it.
Love,
Hedy*



PHOTOGRAPHY is: running madly around the studio getting lights, making layouts, taking exposure readings with light meters. Being in a small darkroom all alone. The thrill of seeing a positive print emerge from a blank piece of photographic paper. It's the development of shadows, moods and shapes. It's knowing you control what your camera says. It's a dark world...a bright world...a world of sudden changes. Photography is humanity in its truest form. It's magic. It's reality.



Howard Molefsky



Sergio Arena



Anthony Paul Armato



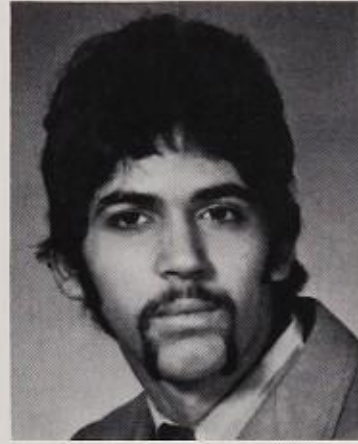
Michael L. Armstrong



David Bellaflares



Angel Bigio



Pat Bolte



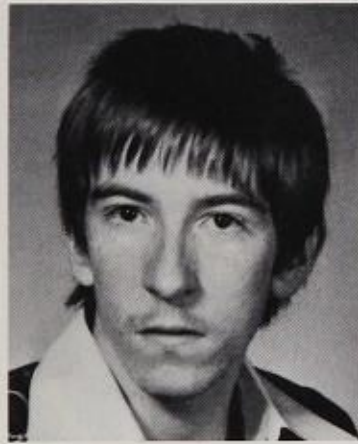
Alice Alves Cardoso



Robert Dlugokenski



Gloria Regena Faison



Denis James Fay



Richard Feldman



Artie Joseph Gonzalez



Frederick S. Greenspan



Helene Carol Grossman



Lynn Jarvis



Shirley Curtisse King



Jeremy Joel Knaster



Howard Kriedter

*Helene Carol Grossman
Lots of luck at
chance - at least we
on both sides (I hope not)
together*



Vicki Lefcourt



Cheryl Ann Lewis



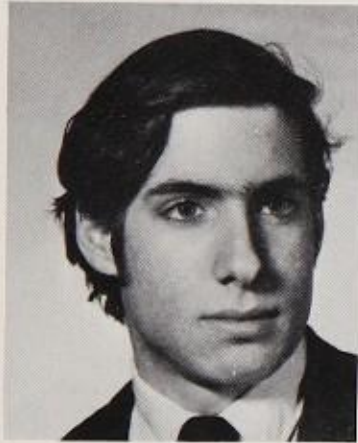
David Lopez



Pedro Lopez



Joyce Machiavelli



Joseph Maestre



Annette M. Manco



Bonnie Milne



Susan Maria Nargi



Beverly A. Nelson



Sharon Yvette Newborn



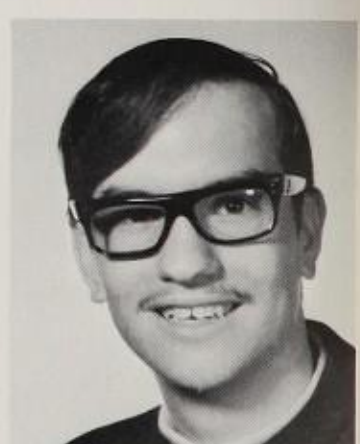
Betty Osin



Jill Pulis



Ingrid Roze



Stanley Seanscott Scherer



Janet Siegelman



Susan Caryl Tindall



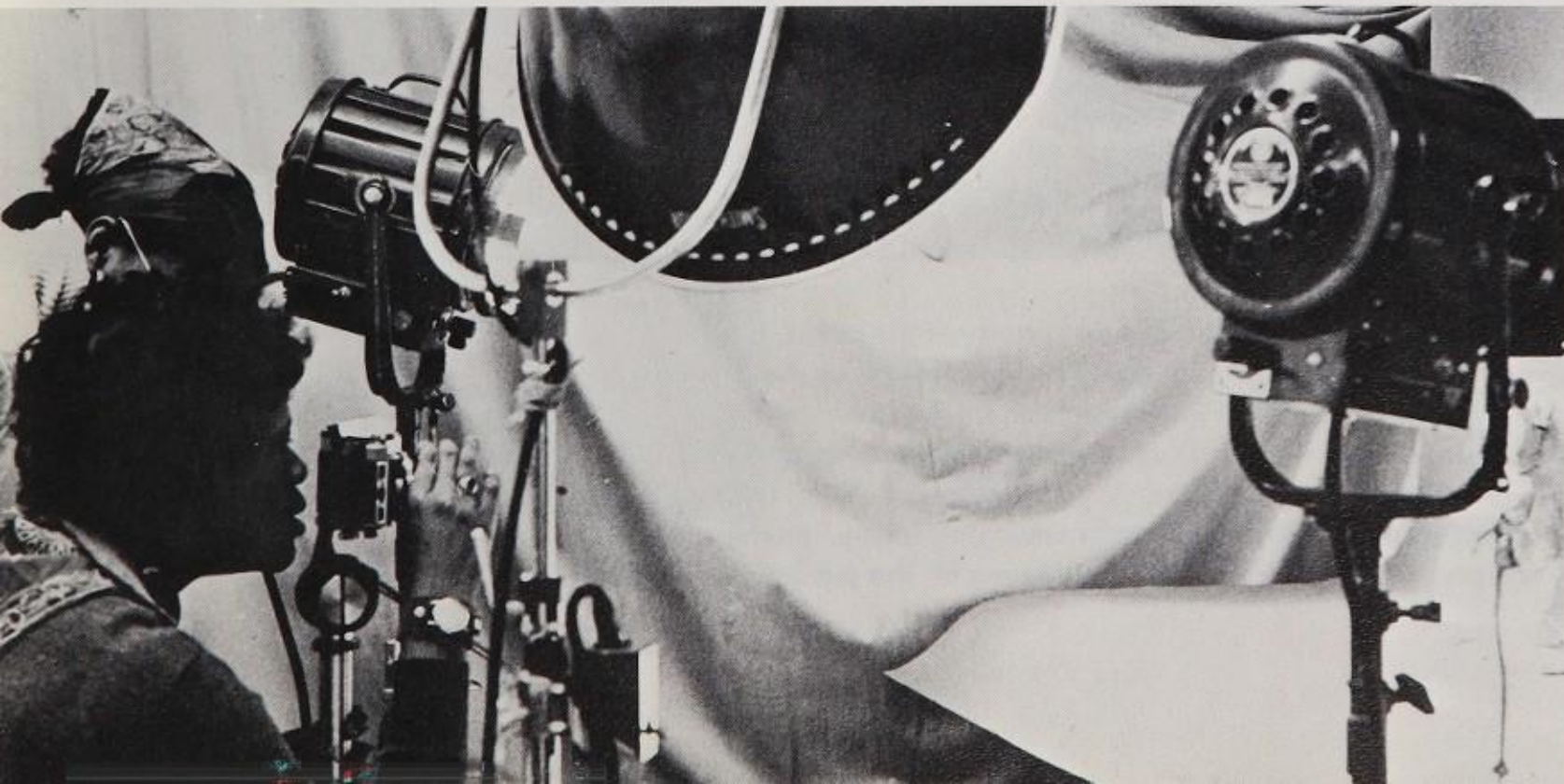
Carol Susan White



Peter M. Wong



Allan Steven Weitz





MODELING is: the feelings and sensitivity of the artist. It is working in three-dimensional design, in media rough as metals, clay and wood. It's the outsider's first impression of ease and fun in the ceramic shop. It is carving, cutting, hammering, sanding, gouging, wedging, modeling. It is the fired clay, the polished stone. It is the artistic atmosphere, the absorption in emerging forms. It's the green stone sculpture almost too heavy to lug home on the subway.



Lynette Joy Brown



Frances Elizabeth Campbell



Robyn Cohen



Marci Compton



Ann L. Deblinger



Deborah Anne Finch



Nancy Lynne Green



Karen C. Jonassen



Susan Hedy Lane



Janet Anne Moniot



Dennis J. Novick



Susan Pillsbury



Hope Singer



Donie Gene Williams



THEATRE ARTS is: a balance of hilarious fun and nervous anxiety. It's the smell of freshly cut lumber, paint cans littering the shop, huge canvas flats sprawling into the hall, giants of papier-mache. It's a deafening jig-saw and the steady beat of the hammer. It is a chilly, bare stage and a broiling, dusty catwalk. It's serious planning and loud angry criticism. It's a crew working as one in a headlong chase to meet a deadline. It's wondering if it was worth it all. It's deciding it was.



Constance Initia Caldwell



Lorraine D. Craig



Francis Edward Forth



Karin Peers



Terri Rosa



Judith Bernarda Saffron



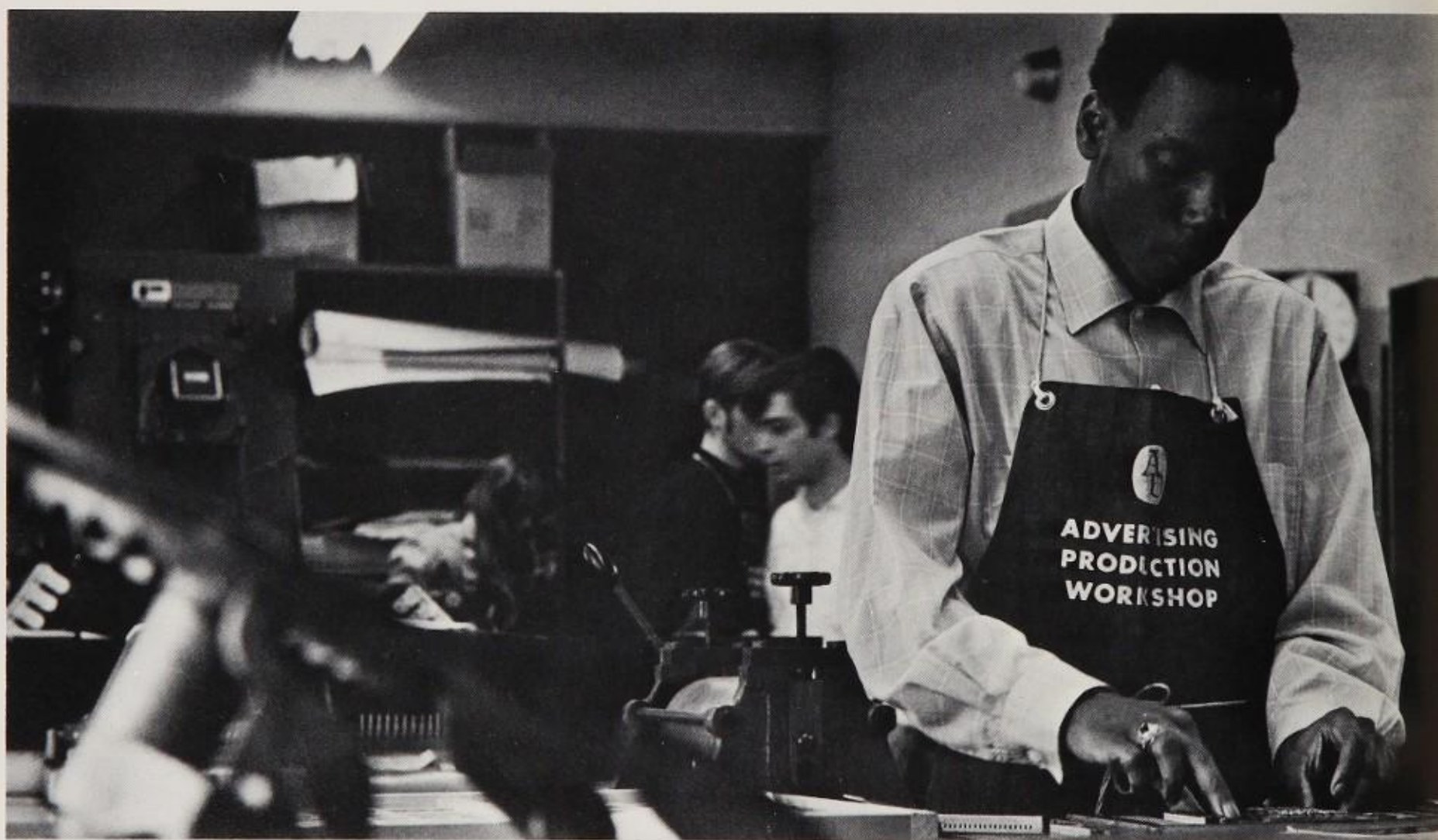
Bruce Joseph Silverstein



Dorothy Soo



advertising production workshop



ADVERTISING PRODUCTION WORKSHOP is: copywriting, typesetting, proofreading. It's rubber cement, pasting up proofs, rubber cement thinner, taking apart proofs. It's scaling, cutting, stretching, shrinking, checking, rechecking, redoing. It's deadlines, bylines, delivery time. It's talking up to art directors, having them talk down to you. But mainly it's ulcers and headaches. It's various individuals working as one. It's a yearbook called Prism. It's a job well done.



Mark Alan Abraham



Hella Freitag



Osvaldo C. Garcia



Bobby Gene Hall Jr.



Kenneth John Krutick



Mark S. Lorner

*Joyful Happiness
for Mark*

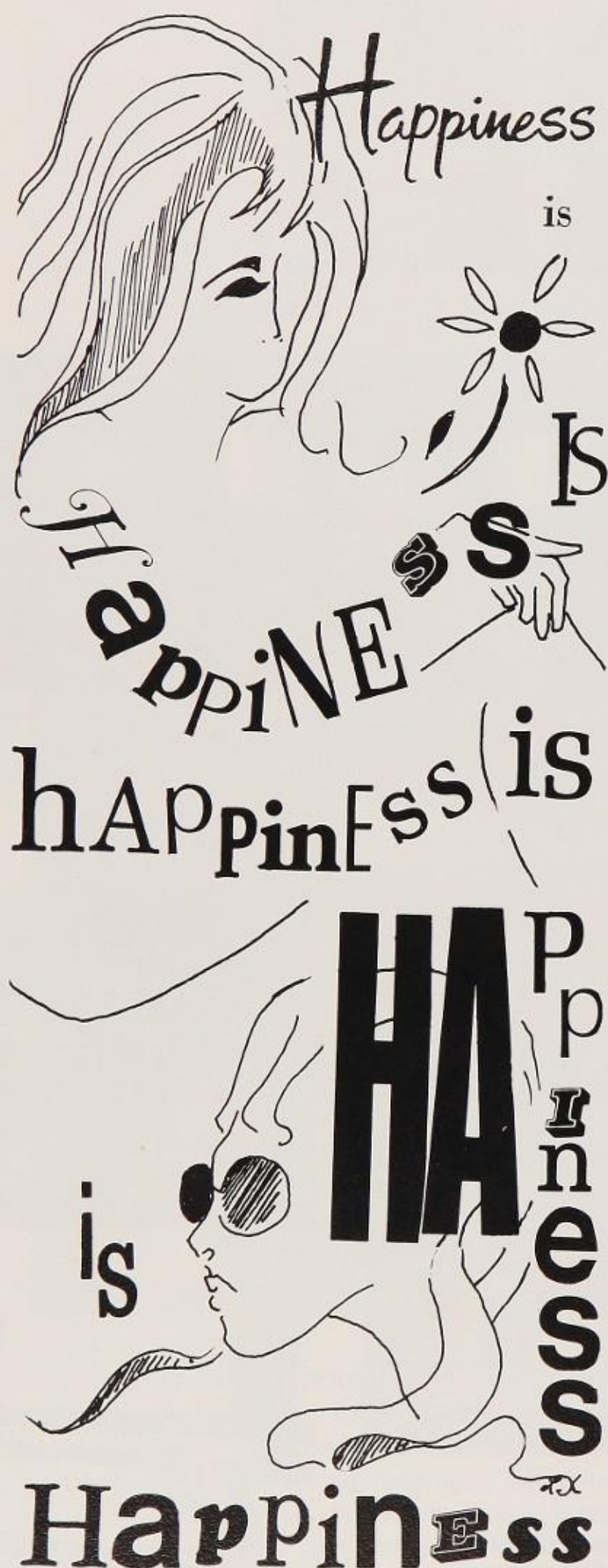


DISPLAY HEADING FOR PRISM SET BY
ADVERTISING PRODUCTION WORKSHOP



Mark Lorner





- a mirror in the girl's bathroom.
- a mirror in the boy's bathroom.
- an early dismissal because of snow.
- excused lateness because of snow.
- all the teachers out with the Hong Kong Flu.
- an unexpected substitute.
- an unexpected assembly.
- a smoke filled girl's bathroom.
- an optional Christmas and Easter Vacation.
- passing your History regents.
- the teacher you love smiling back at you.
- being accepted to one of six colleges you applied to.
- an absent teacher, first period.
- an absent teacher, ninth period.
- the basement door unguarded.
- a pad of blank early excuse passes.
- being able to forge Mr. Ryan's signature.
- being able to forge your parent's signature.
- getting Mr. S. Hoffman for Economics.
- having a class on the second floor, last period.
- getting home when it is still light out.
- no homework in any subject.
- finding toilet paper in the girl's bathroom.
- press type.
- finishing your cigarette before the teacher comes into the bathroom.
- sitting next to someone who brings his art supplies every day.
- coffee served in the cafeteria.
- passing a test you didn't study for.
- Mr. Wernon.
- having a job you spent eight hours on, displayed.
- a gym teacher who can't touch her toes.
- carrying your coat all day and not getting caught.
- sitting next to your best friend in every class, and writing notes all day.
- being first on the lunch line.
- Mr. Dyson in dungarees, a turtleneck and Afro hair.
- the first day of your summer vacation.
- looking at your yearbook twenty years from now and remembering all of the happiness.

SANDY GREENBERG: Editor

Flicks Refracted

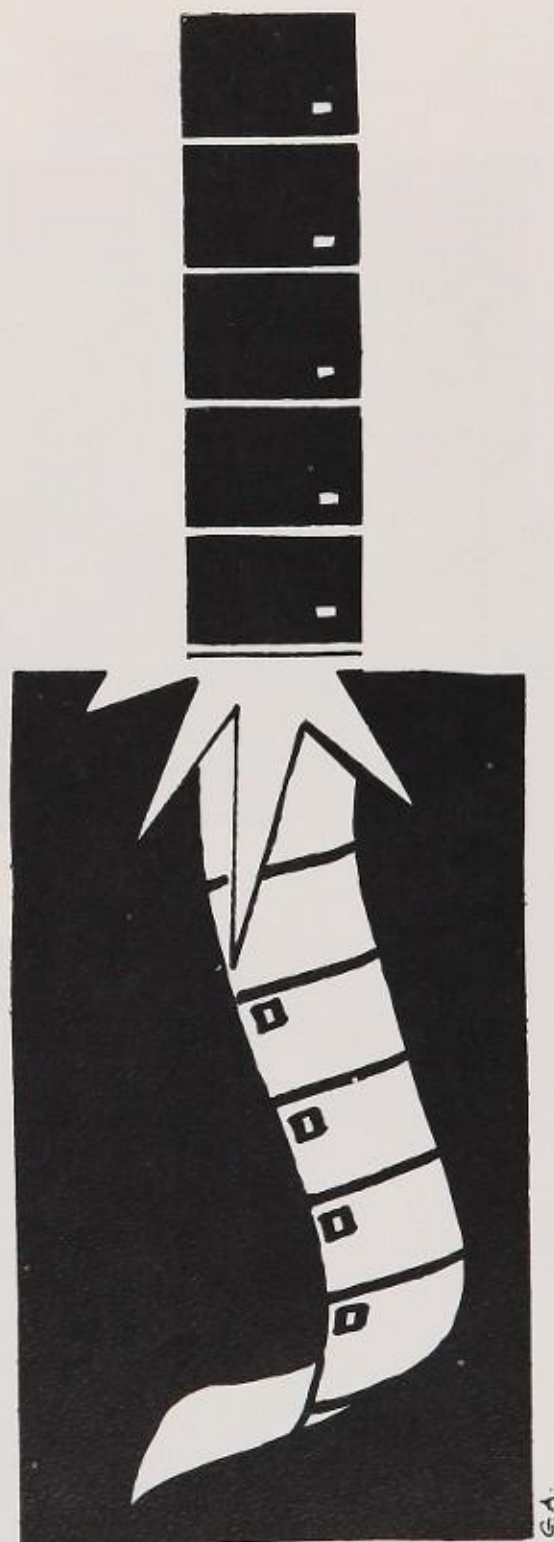
BEYOND THE FOREST—Pedro's hair
 COOL HAND LUKE—Pedro Lopez
 WAIT UNTIL DARK—usual time A & D students get home
 THE COMEDIANS—Harvey Fierstein and Allan Weitz
 WEEKEND—Thank God!
 SEE HOW WE COME AND GO—A & D Seniors
 THE GRADUATE—ME(?)
 HEAD—typical A & D graduate
 THOSE WERE THE DAYS—what we'll be saying next year (???)

ALEXANDRA REYES: Editor

EIGHT ON THE LAM—starring the A & D faculty
 in alphabetical order

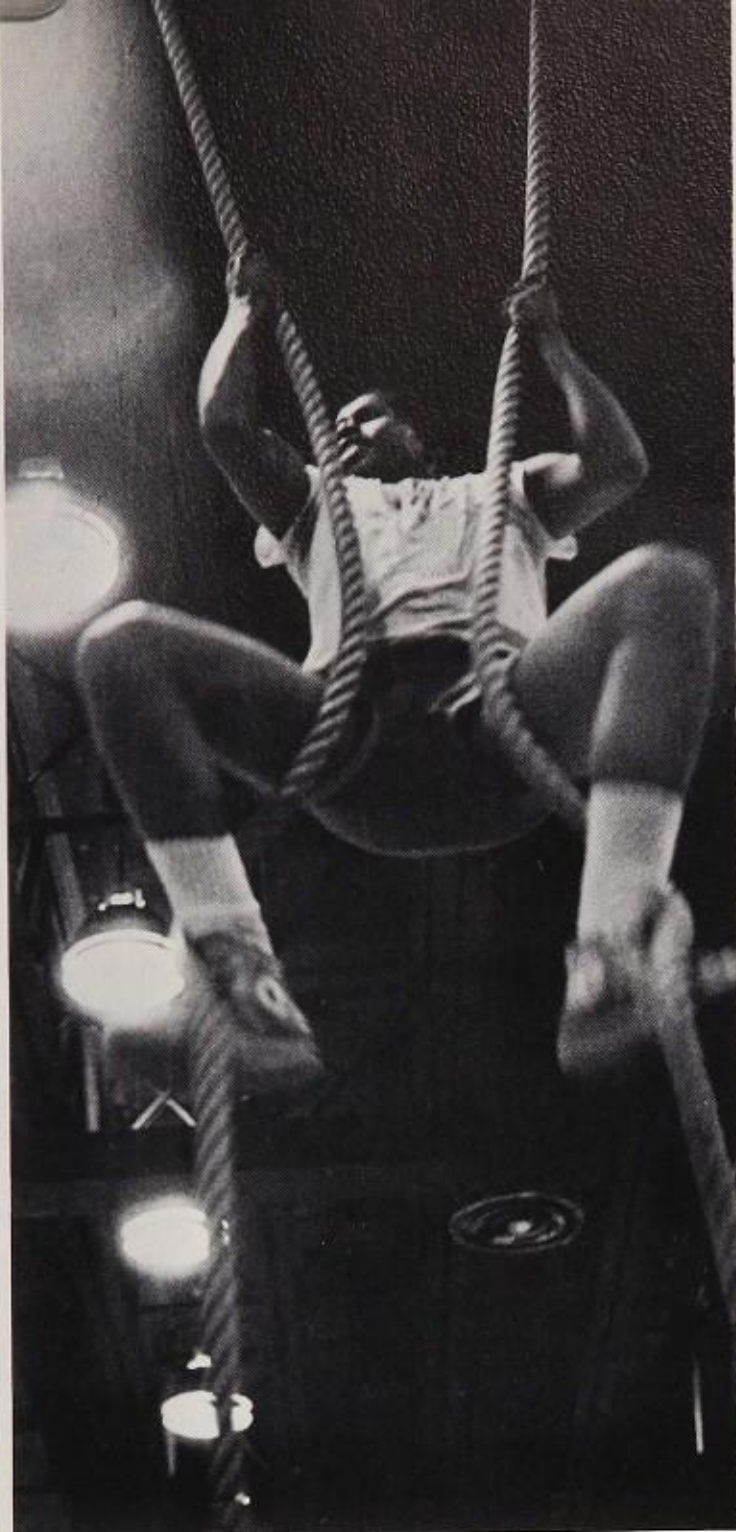
THE FIXER—Mr. Ahearn
 THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES—Miss Aldan
 THE WIZARD OF OZ—Mr. Bonadio
 CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG—Mr. DiGemma
 RED BEARD—Mr. Doree
 THE DETECTIVE—Mr. Dyson
 DOCTOR DOOLITTLE—Dr. Freeman
 TO SIR WITH LOVE—Mr. Raphael
 THE ENTERTAINER—Mr. Spivak
 THE MUSIC MAN—Mr. Shine
 FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Mr. Tatti
 YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT—Mr. Teppich
 ROMEO AND JULIET—Mr. Vanier and Miss Petroff
 GREETINGS—Mr. Wernon
 VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED—1075 Second Avenue
 featuring Art and Design

UP TIGHT—the girl's bathroom in the cafeteria
 CORRUPTION—the boy's bathroom in the cafeteria
 FANTASTIC VOYAGE—a ride on the A & D escalator
 ENTER LAUGHING—the A & D band
 THE SOUND OF MUSIC—(?) the A&D orchestra
 YOURS, MINE AND OURS—community art supplies
 THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S—Spring Festival
 ICE STATION ZEBRA—the girl's gym
 NEGATIVES—10th year rotational photo lab
 ONE MILLION YEARS B. C.—copyright date in our textbooks
 SECRET CEREMONY—the G.O. meetings
 THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS—open school night
 CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—the front doors at 3:10
 RIOT—Field Day



lust for life





"IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS ANNOUNCEMENT, WE
WILL HAVE AN OUTDOOR FIRE DRILL!"



SCINTILLATIONS THAT LIVE

- "On the other hand..." —Miss Adler
 "What is your problem?" —Mrs. Baskin
 "Turn it up loud to wake up the class." —Mrs. Clarence
 "The rell is bringing." —Mr. DiGemma
 "I am the sovereign dictator here." —Mr. Hollingsworth
 "Buy my book." —Mrs. Einstein
 "Are you coming to class on Friday?" —Mr. Gaydos
 "Shaaaaa....." —Mr. Doree
 "Read the *Peculiar Institution* by tomorrow."
 —Miss Geist
 "Empty barrels make the most noise." —Mr. Greenbaum
 "If I were a rich man..." —Mr. Tatti
 "Have a nice summer." —Mr. Kenton
 "All right people..." —Miss Orgel
 "Water for my plants!" —Dr. Starr
 "Fly down from the cat walk and land on your feet on stage; will you please?" —Mr. Salzman
 "Let's go, men!" —Miss Schneider
 "When I say it is night, it is night even if the sun is shining." —Mr. Eliscu
 "kkk ii kkk ii ;; ki;" —Miss Kasson
 "DNFI" —Mr. Schaeffer
 "May I have your attention please! This is essential."
 —Mr. S. Hoffman
 "Any more questions,—ask my art director and asst. director." —Mr. Toledo
 "I never hit a girl in my life." —Mr. Ireland
 "And then there was this guy; he was a kindergarten dropout." —Mr. Spivak
 "Please rise for the flag ritual." —Mr. Raphael
 "Smell these dead roses. Write a poem about their beautiful fragrance." —Miss Aldan
 "Asi es la vida..." —Mrs. Kagan

SANDIE GREENBERG



SLEEPING, AND UPON AWAKENING — THE EPIPHANY.

Thoughts entered my mind from the moon; to try to understand my presence, to try even as a dying man may fight to live; so strong is the force for life, that in the depths of the fearful abyss, I may find a feeling of being enveloped by...Something that has come to lead my unworthy soul through the channels of experience, of strength, of purity.

I have wondered if ever I can begin to walk on land. It seemed as if I was truly in the womb of the earth. I did not understand what I was searching for, or why I wanted it. I can remember only a feeling of intense loneliness, of longing, of frustration; and a strange, undefined feeling of presence—that is comparable to an imagination of swallowing stars that flash into the depth of my being.

The train jerked to a sudden stop, and a mass of people entered, rushing about like ants for a seat. Some faces seemed friendly, warm... they know something. I forced myself to think important thoughts. Why am I trampled by my dreams? I want to do so much, and yet, I am defeated before I begin.

The ocean has sung to me during the eclipse, and the moonlight on the water looked like fire. The whole world seemed to breathe with life, moving, not through physical forces, but, just slightly waving; pulsing with being. What is it trying to tell me? Positive and negative life cycles, unity, timelessness. Those were huge things to think about. The sand that I was walking on has been here for eons, seen pilgrims wandering, searching. The sand must be very wise. I think the sand knows.

Something...someone seemed to float through my body, and I felt as if I was walking only because of a strange, invisible force...The door slammed behind me. It is all impossible.

It was late when I finished my work, and I felt better, knowing that it was done.

I don't recall whether I was awake or asleep. It was dark; midnight, and my eyelids were closed to soothe my eyes from the scorching tears. My body reverted to its position in the womb, and was sinking deeply into a pile of soft blankets.

I was moving upward—not through any power, or force, of myself, but like a rush of flutes, trumpets exalted on a rising arpeggio of flashing light. I felt as if my arms were outstretched be-

hind me, and my heart led sky-ward. Unbelievable wonder, beauty, tearful joy replaced my sorrow. I cannot explain further what "yes" feels like to say to the Absolute. I was overwhelmed and trembling with joy, with tears...

It was then that I knew.

MARCI COMPTON

THE HUMANITY OF MAN

Man, as has often been said, is the highest rank of being, elevated from the order of animal by the possession of that quality which liberates Man from animal mores, the soul.

This unique attribute, the soul, has been defined and explored both religiously and philosophically, and though there are technical differences of definition, all men, more or less, agree that the soul is what allows Man to act from stimuli other than instinct or need, as is the case with lower animals.

Taking for granted this conception of a soul, it follows that in order to completely liberate oneself from the shackles of barbarism and sameness, one must develop one's soul to its utmost capacity of appreciation for beauty, in whatever shape it might assume. In the case of lower forms of life, creatures that exist from instinct and habit see but an infinitesimal portion of Nature's beauty, limited perhaps to the attractiveness of a mate, or the dearness of its young ones. Man, on the other hand, has the ability and the awareness to see, to observe, to breathe in beauty, to choose what is beautiful and to immortalize it; he can react to instinctive stimuli, like an animal, or he can rise above himself and react from emotion and logic, choosing rather than accepting.

It is Man's duty to his Creator, and to his fellow man as well as himself, to develop this awareness and appreciation, for by observing and appreciating this natural beauty, one also becomes aware of the beauty of Man, and once this awareness is reached, the greatest barrier to self-understanding and self-improvement has been hurdled. This plateau of understanding, the knowledge of oneself, extolled and preached by philosophers since time immemorial, is the key to a peaceful and happy existence with one's fellow. The appreciation, understanding and sharing of all nature's beauty is what keeps Man social, and what makes him and keeps him worthy to have been created in the image of Him who created all things.

DIERDRE WOLONICK

social activities



HONOR SOCIETY



MODERN DANCE



ORIENTAL CLUB



FRENCH CLUB



**BAND
ORCHESTRA**



ASPIRA



DRAMATICS CLUB





SENIOR COUNCIL



HONOR SOCIETY EXECUTIVES



AFRO-AMERICAN CLUB



FUTURE TEACHERS CLUB



G.O. COUNCIL



CHORUS



CHORUS



VARSITY BOWLING CLUB



GIRLS TENNIS CLUB



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



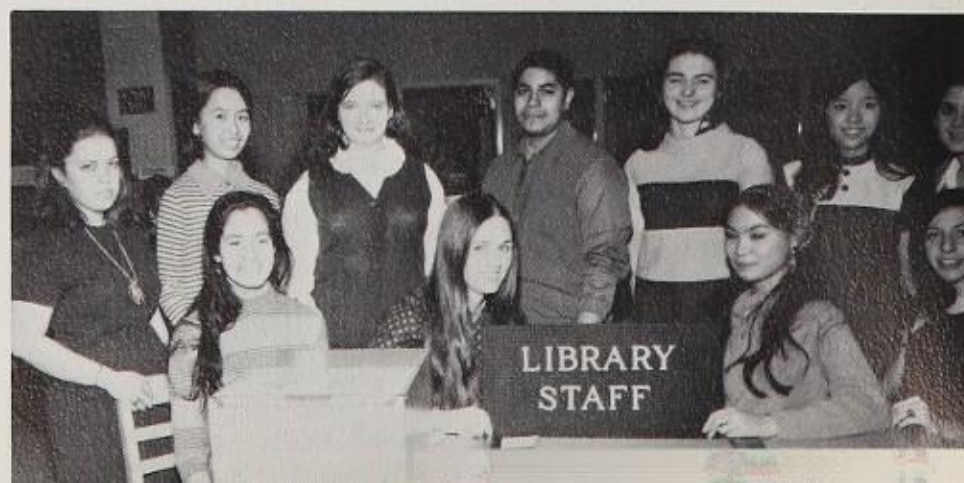
VARSITY HANDBALL TEAM

VARSITY GOLF



VOLLEYBALL TEAM

LIBRARY STAFF

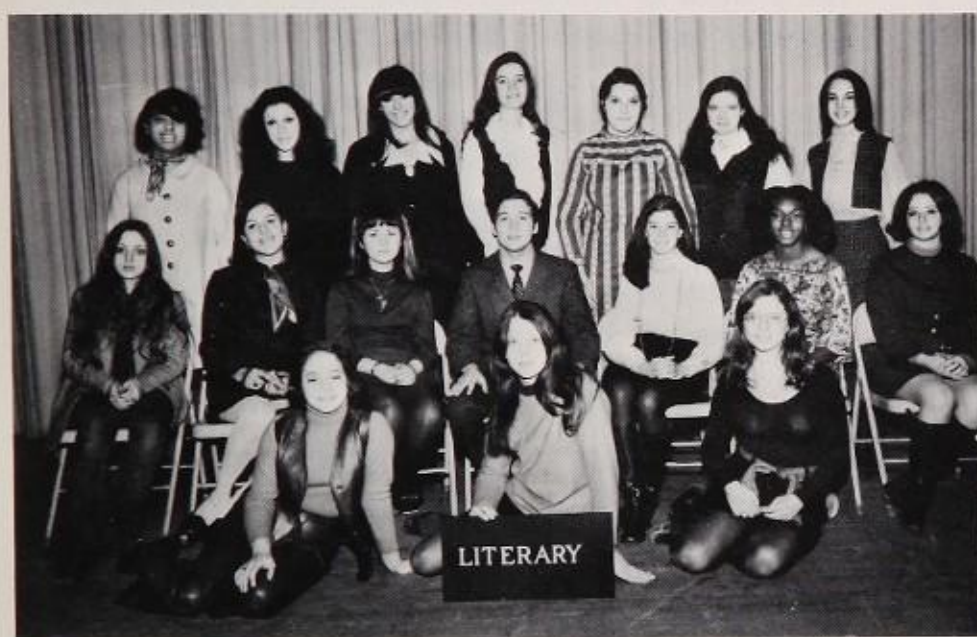




SERVICE SQUAD



AUDIO VISUAL SQUAD



LITERARY CLUB



VARSITY TENNIS TEAM

HIGHLIGHTS STAFF

THEATER ARTS



**youth is that period when you try on all
the faces until you find your own.**

I can safely say that if I had known what sixteen-going-on-seventeen would have been like when I was six-going-on-seven, I would have had serious doubts as to the wisdom of growing up. The turmoil and indecision that we go through each day can be understood only by another teenager, for once you have passed this puzzling period, you suffer a mysterious lapse of memory. Strangely enough, if our sometimes peculiar behavior is an enigma to our peers, it is utter complexity, and without definition to us.

In every direction, we are instructed on how to be good, honest, intelligent, considerate, ambitious. We are faced with a dozen ways we should be and no explanation as to why we are the way we are. As a result, every day is an experiment in practice. Today we are complete honesty—Result: confusion. Next day we are quiet and terribly reserved:—Result: confusion. We decide to be sticky sweet, and we are confronted with puzzled queries as to why you are acting so strange! Each new mask is put on, tested, and finally disposed of. But, oh those days, weeks, years, of trying! Those horrible questions: Just who am I?

Actually, the only thing that keeps us going is the knowledge that in a few years, we too can forget what we went through. We try not to realize that any stage is the difficult stage.

MIRIAM JIMENEZ



WE ARE NOW EMERGING

We are now emerging; light is thrown upon our faces, and we see. We are no longer in the womb that has nursed and protected us. Yet do you find yourself withdrawing, boring back into the past security? It is gone.

Baptism of your Self, you stand in chimerical sanctity. Look beneath you, and you will fall, fall into the reality that you are as erroneous as me.

Be an individual,—unique, but in harmony. There is no antonym for symphonies when you are one, complete, and free.

Leave now this elementary consciousness and raise yourself from out your crib of ignorance. Yet a word of warning, I give: Don't throw your Self into the stream of knowledge, lest you drown.

Emerge, emerge butterfly, from your sunlight cocoon, and worship the light descending upon you. Make an Exodus from your bondage, animal of burden, and ease your weary muscles, but always know work.

Birth is not a simple procedure, but once born, you are an individual and very much on your own.....Go forth and conquer.

HELENE GROSSMAN

SO FOLLOW

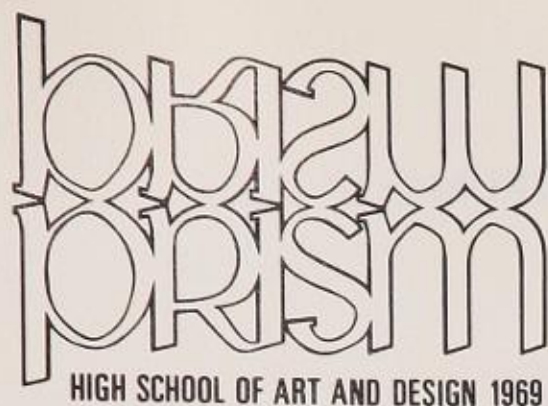
So I can

Cross

the summit

Where there is hope opening
like warm rain to drench the sky
in glory.....a
Span of the Sun's wings
flooding the earth with Light
are the eyes of HIS initiated
at daybreak.

MARCI COMPTON



LITERARY REFLECTIONS

Dimensions of Our Spectrum	2a
Prism	3a
The Mask	5a
Characterizations	7a
Emotions	11a
Concrete Poems	13a
Fable	18a
The City	28a
The "B" Poems	29a
The Bridge	32a
The Seasons	38a

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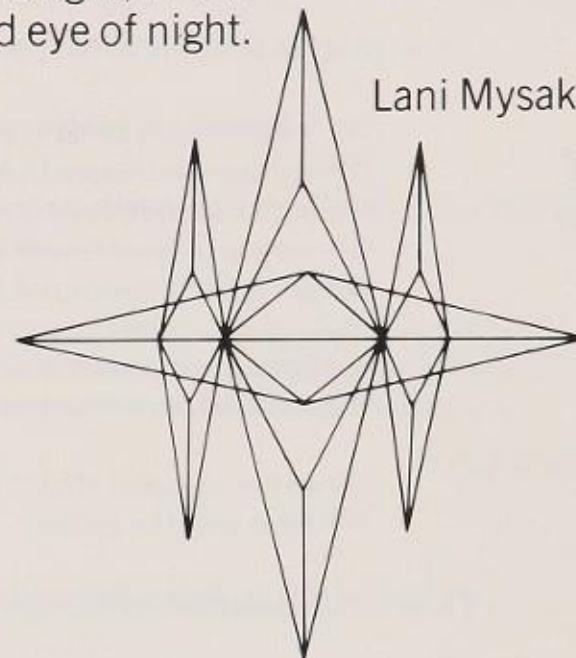
I—a prism, a crystal honey comb
made to catch, imprism

Sun's light,

and turn it to rainbows.

By night I am a jeweled prison
to capture, the rapturous
moon's light, in the
closed eye of night.

Lani Mysak



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DIMENSIONS OF OUR SPECTRUM

We are the love generation.
We are the war generation.
We represent the emergence of man from the shell of denial
to the utmost in awareness.
We are unafraid to face reality.

We are the think generation.
We are more introspective than ever before.
We have expanded our minds and broadened our outlooks.
We are great discoverers, probing the field of creativity, constantly.
We are greatly pressured by complex problems, but we try
to solve them.
We have an optimism no other age has; unique in itself.
We will find ourselves faster than others our age because we know what
to look for!
We strove to equal others and we have surpassed.
We have won the battle!

We have suffered through drought and flood and have blossomed into
better individuals.
We have questioned ourselves and searched our souls.
We have explored the regions of life's mysteries.
We have questioned others, but learned to accept.
We have learned to shake the hand of defeat, rather than bear a grudge.
We have estimated our own worth and learned how to increase it.
We have seen that life is cruel and wonderful at the same time.
We have ridden the waves of trying times, emerging victorious.

We have learned to appreciate what is worthwhile and can discern
what is not.
We have chosen our goals and are about to enter the realm of realizing
our dreams.
We are about to enter a new Renaissance in living and thought.
We are about to enter a revolution in life, as independent individuals.
We are no longer allowed to grasp onto childhood as an excuse, for
we are making our debut into the world of the adult.
We are being graduated into a new phase of life.
We will use the skills we have learned to enter the phase gracefully.
We will be prepared to roll across the ocean of time without mutiny
on the part of life,
without being stifled,
to be what we are.

CARYN WARD

PRISM

MAN MADE:

WHITE — a color that is gray,
that is snow — is filth
in sight, and is swept
away to fall another
day hated and unwanted.

YELLOW — is a bilious sun, not
the sunlight's pale
cast, but bellowing
cheap fractions of
the reflecting source
an electric light.

ORANGE — is not the fire in sun-
set, is not the glories
of dawn. is a chintz scarf
lost in a gutter, blow-
ing flutter mixing with
the dirt.

GREEN — is shining; is the nause-
ating gloss of the subway
car's paint, the subway
car's tainted tint all
slashed and lashed with
obscenities.

BLUE — is the hidden one, is
the forgotten one, —
the buildings are the
sky! Blue is the old
man's shirt, a soiled
old skirt.

VIOLET — is twilight's hue — is
the commuter's greeting
light after climbing from
the depths of the city's
subways, It foretells the
end of the weary days, al-
ways.

BLACK — is a pool of wet city sweat
or better known as puddles
of pollution, the city's
rain. After the fall is tamed
into dirt.

LANI MYSAK

YELLOW

in the burning intensity of the yellow sunrise
a golden bird spreads his wings in victory.

strength emanates from the celestial glow, giving power
to the winged god of the morning light.

he flies freely, leaving me behind.

his wings were once bound by the magic ropes tied to
my veins.

the sun has transmitted its energy to his system,
causing him to rip my binding and fly with all
of his strength towards the sun of freedom.

TINA LADAS

REFLECTIONS OF INDIGO

Blue —
Reflection of the somber moodiness of
the recesses of a reflective mind. —
White — hot pinpoints herald the doom of day,
As the cool blue ceiling of evening caresses
the earth with relief from the
scorching sun.

The deep, melancholy blue soothes eyes, raw from
brilliant sounds:
it envelops the senses in a womb
of comforting, lonely space.

Dark, mute swans glide like ephemeral shadows over
the swift waters of the musical Blue Danube:

its water glistens in countless gems of ultramarine
and cerulean,
melding with the midnight blue sky . . .

Somewhere in a cool veridian forest,
sapphire feline eyes glint in the negative moonlight,
stalking,
glimmering like multi-faceted blue-black coals.

Time and Space are Blue.
A cobalt sky underlies a velvet-black eternity
of colors yet unseen.

BLUE is beautiful and limitless,
knowing only the infinite boundaries of
star-studded space.

"Blue is one of the darker colors of the spectrum . . ."
— a minute part of what is,
an encompassing part of what we see.

My spirit is blue,
alive through color;
The color of a probing, searching intellect,
at peace and at odds with his universe.

The universe of blue space.

DIERDRE WOLOWNICK

GREY IS THE COLOR OF DESTINY

(1)

In the cold grey light of morning a small group of
men had gathered for a ceremony. One man lifted a brick
from the pile, laid it down in the mortar, and said,
"It has begun!"

The city was built of brick and stone.
The builders are dead
And their names are unknown.

(2)

The years went by, and dirt streets were
eventually covered with black asphalt and tar.
Bricks and stones gave way to steel and glass.
The city progressed.

Retrogression and progression.
Man has outgrown his toys.
Old things, new things
But no everlasting joys.

(3)

Dark grey avenues lined with bars and jails and
whorehouses soiled the city's soul. The inhabitants
had only one desire — to live life fully while it lasts. The
city became another Sodom and Gomorrah and the lofty
skyscrapers shouted out:

"We are the epitome
Of your materialistic society,
The mirror image of your soul.

(4)

The city survived the ravages of time. Its denizens
thought themselves to be invincible.

"Here is our fortress," they yelled, "It is
impregnable: We are invulnerable. Nothing can harm
us!" To this, the stoic steel edifices replied:

"We were conceived in your childhood.
We then grew to manhood,
While you remained the immature child."

(5)

No one ever conquered the city, and the people
thought themselves secure. They recounted to each other
how they had withstood outsider's attacks, bragging
more about their greatness each day.

"Not even nature would be able to destroy us.
We are the mighty ones!" To this the stoic structures
made no reply.

(6)

The Black Death came and took with itself the
entire population of the great city. Now only the
glass and steel buildings remained. The spark
of human life had vanished; decay has set in.

"Yes, we are the great cities
that have protected you for centuries
But in the end we all turn to dust."

LEONA SEUFERT

BLACK

You entered my life from the black geometric
shadows cast upon bare walls.

Your face glowed like streaming light from
midnight windows.

Your stoical existence left permanent stains
within me.

I could never tell you how I really felt.

You lit fires that spread through the dry night like
the rushing tides upon heated sand.

You burned entire cities.

And as the blackness disappears at dawn, you
disappeared.

Disappeared like the black storm clouds at the return
of the sun.

TINA LADAS

SURRENDER

*I stood in the fields of green sea
Casting my eyes upward. I captured the firmaments above:
The sky is a flowing jigsaw puzzle, a flowing
Conglomeration of flowing colors into flowing shapes. My
fingers flee with the fleeting ocean overhead
The strokes of my brush rapidly race against the luminous
time-keeper above
I grasp the delicacy of dancing fleece
My body is like soft foam,
My eyes become delicate fog, my fingers are like wavelets
The rays of my mind dissolve the suspended threads of my body
I float into pools of neon lace*

The easel in the field is like an empty hourglass

BRENDA BRANCH



THE MASK

RITUAL

Slowly the crowd diminishes, until she is left alone in the room, a small figure standing straight with self-preoccupation.

The slam of the door reverberates dully; the dry ice mask begins to crack, leaving her face paler, her mouth more childlike. As the mauve-veined eyelids are slowly raised, I see that her shy black pupils are as wide and deep as paneless windows. Painful windows....

Slowly, intently, she begins to move. At first her gestures are angular, constrained, as though the sharp fragments of the shattered mask still pricked her painfully.

The light changes, warming the room, and I see that she is dancing, performing an ancient, wistful ritual to....to what?

Does she know?

No, now she is aware of nothing but the primitive need to relieve her emotions, to immerse herself in the hypnotizing rhythm that heals the inside wounds of indignity gathered afresh each day.

The dance has become soft and benevolent, now; it is almost finished. She knows this, and is savouring the last caressing flutters, a faint smile pervading her body.

In the deepest well of the night, I hear a desperate, smothered sound:- She is crying, the eternal sobs of being less than perfect.

I should not be watching her, for if she knew that I was here, the briny streams would be abruptly cut off. She'd lie on her stomach, no longer writhing, but every fiber of her body stretched to the utmost. Not breathing. Pressing herself into the mattress with all her frenzied strength, there would suddenly be a convulsive relaxation. Then she'd turn to me, tiredly, and look at me questioningly, frustration showing only in the pinched marble jaw. I could only turn around and leave, ashamed not of my eavesdropping, but because I have no answer to her singular gaze.

BETH IRWIN

TRUTH

I want so much to be understood and accepted; to be able to reach out and have you realize what an infinite amount of beauty there is in the truth.

You used to be truth itself—so brave, and fearlessly strong, and so beautiful. It was as if you were a flower, with your stem growing straight, and your petals so honestly outstretched, fully understanding the hardship of rain, but realizing the beauty of the fresh air after the storm.

There is so much hurt, and pain, compassion, and strength, in the truth. You were truth. You stood with your head held high, meeting the future with no defenses raised. Your mouth was partly open, in contemplation of a beautiful thing, like two sores burning, pressed together, begging to be pulled apart. You understood life, and were willing to stand tall through its ups and downs. Your eyes were constantly open, as if you were a watchdog, always ready to protect his master. Your master was the truth.

Without even knowing you, a person could tell how beautiful you were. Was it the way you stood, so open and forthright, or the way you walked, reaching the corner as quickly as the man who had to run? Perhaps it was the firm, confident, and yet tender way in which you looked at a person—a look of deep understanding.

Why did you ever begin to run, and cut corners, and not think of the other person? When did you begin to lie and put an outer covering around yourself, so that no pain could reach you? Didn't you see that that shield blocked beauty too? When did you lose your depth, and just become a flat surface painted a pretty color? Wasn't it obvious that the paint would soon start to chip and ugliness would begin to show through.

I want to be understood, and I want to be accepted, but neither is important, for now I am the truth.

JO AMY SCHULMAN

SELF #2

*I have danced myself
Invaded with feelings
Dancing so fast, I
cannot feel.*

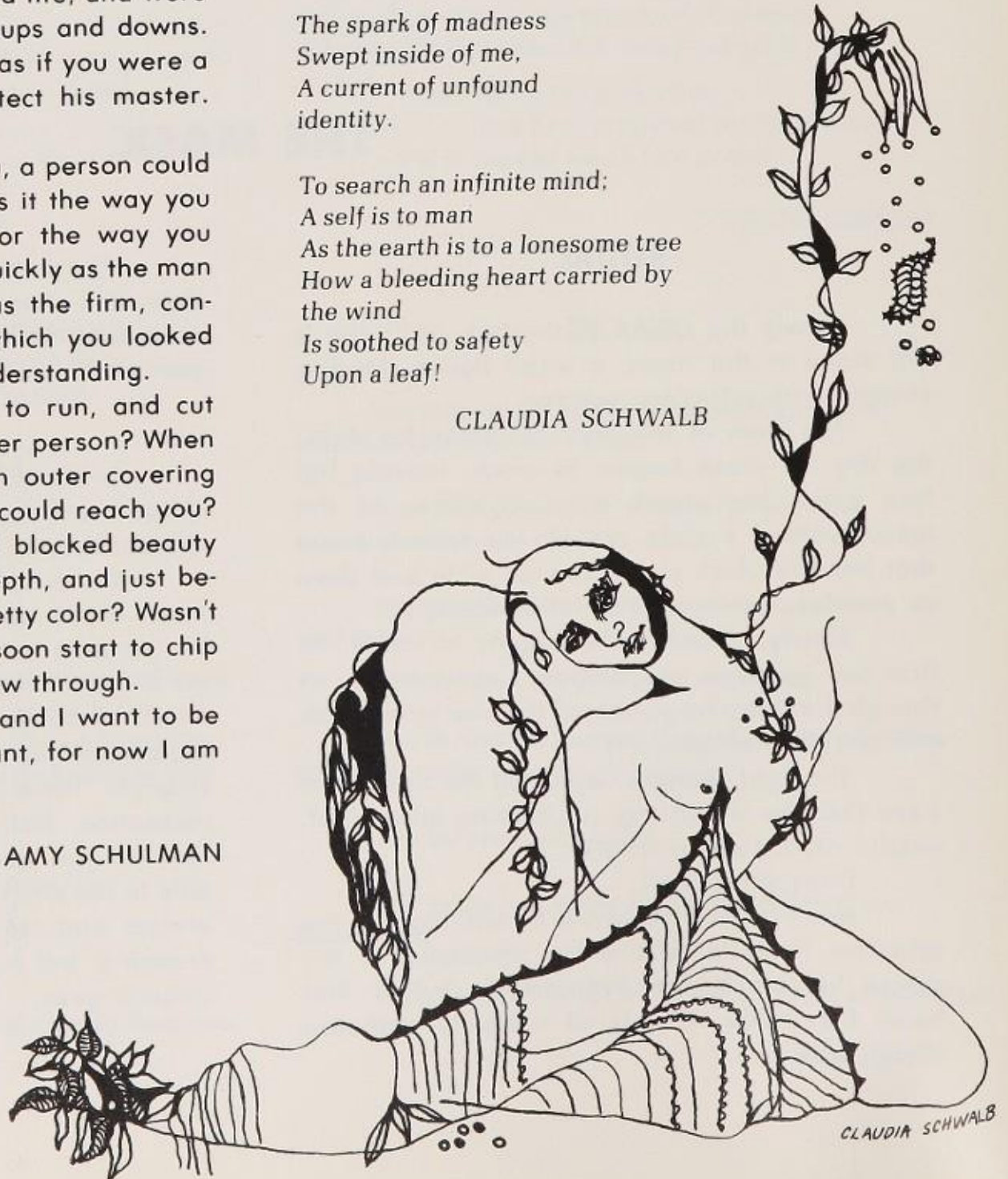
*To reassure a soul;
A self, is to man
As blood is to a forest,
Or a bleeding heart,
carried by the wind
Upon a leaf.*

*I never stop to rest,
Nor does the sky,
Nor the earth
For one robin said
the earth was round.*

*The spark of madness
Swept inside of me,
A current of unfound
identity.*

*To search an infinite mind;
A self is to man
As the earth is to a lonesome tree
How a bleeding heart carried by
the wind
Is soothed to safety
Upon a leaf!*

CLAUDIA SCHWALB



CHARACTERIZATIONS

SAINT FRANCIS FED THE SQUIRRELS

We had taken a walk through Central Park that day. There was nothing unusual about it all; the strike was on and the three of us, Laura, Leona and I, had come there to nibble on fresh bologna sandwiches. We washed them down with thin orange drink that we had bought from a vendor.

I can't remember whether we had ridden the carousel that day, but on other days during the time we were out of school, I became quite familiar with it; her old pumping, grinding giant music box filling the air with circus tunes. If I was lucky, they would play 'A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN' and then I could sing along with it.

We had made our way leisurely from the carousel to the zoo, and turned the winding, sun-drenched road around the red brick building planted in the heart of the zoo.

As we turned the corner, I saw a little man standing by the entrance to the children's zoo. In his right hand, he held a bag of peanuts. His left arm was raised and crooked half way in front of him and perched on his forearm sat a squirrel, busily chewing the peanuts as fast as the little man could draw them from the bag.

I stopped my two companions, and we stood watching the little man. His face was plain, his clothes, non-exceptional. He resembled no less than a dozen men you could see every day in a subway, street or bus.

But his face was very calm and quiet and he neither laughed nor frowned, coaxed nor teased the little animal that sat clinging to his arm.

Patiently, he drew the peanuts, one at a time; sometimes breaking them, sometimes leaving it to the squirrel to do.

The little rodent jumped back and forth from a litter basket to the grass and back again to his arm.

Children who passed into the zoo with their parents, stood and gaped at him; the children shrieking wildly, the parent's eyes wide, their faces, with beaming smiles.

The little man didn't seem to notice. He

seemed oblivious to the fact that there were other people in the park. He was totally absorbed in keeping his little friend well fed.

What other friends does he have? I thought.

Was he a soldier in World War One? Did he drink warm English beer in musty old pubs and make love with the village girls? Was he a sailor? Was he disabled one night in an enemy attack and have to be shipped back to the States?

I noticed he wore a hearing aid.

I wondered if he wore a red poppy on Armistice Day.

But most of all, I wondered if the only friends he had in the world were the frisky squirrels that scampered at his feet.

I had friends. There had been many times when I couldn't say that I could reach out and grasp someone's hand.

I knew people who never let themselves reach out. They offer their hands saying,

'Here I am if you ever need a quick lift up... but *don't* grasp it too tightly; and *don't* pull me down with you. I'll know you, but I'll never be obligated to you, and then you can never hurt me. You see, I want the world to think I'm strong, then they won't question me. But you'll *never* know me and I'll *never* feel for you and I'll *never* be hurt.'

I thought about it. I wasn't one of these people. I gave myself too quickly.

It is a well known fact to me, as well as to those who know me, that after being with a person five minutes, I grow very 'attached to him. My fondest aim in life is to gather people to me. People are the life source of creativity in me. It could never spring to life by itself. People are what keep me going. Friendship is the common denominator in everything I strive for: To please people, to make them laugh when no one else can, to put them at ease in time of trouble, and most of all, to form lasting friendships that can survive.

I knew I would always be hurt because I gave too much of myself. I knew I was the type of person that would say,

'Here is my hand; take it if you need help.'

I don't mind helping you. And if I am ever hurt, I will be sorry, but I will be a little bit better and a little bit wiser for knowing you.'

I could never be sorry for making relationships a foremost thing in my life. I love harmony. My creativity needed god-parents. I knew that no matter how many hurts should spring up, there would always be too many good friendships to counteract them.

I was still staring at the little man. He moved unconsciously, except for his eyes. They were alive with the knowledge that these animals needed him; looked forward to what must be his daily coming, and the friendly gesture he made with his arm to beckon them to dinner.

Suddenly, I wanted more than anything else to cry. I wanted to take the little man and never let anyone laugh at him or stare at him or hurt his precious squirrels.

I wanted his placid face to break in a thousand grey old lines and a thousand tears to flow down the square planes of his face: Whether for joy or sorrow or both, I don't know. I wanted to cry out;

'Cry Little Man! Never mind the rest of the world! Cry, cry, Little Man! Feed your little animals, St. Francis! Feed your friends! Feed your damned lice and flea infested squirrels with their dirty feet and rat-matted fur and pus-streaked eyes! Feed your friends, for God's sake St. Francis! Love them and feed them and cry! Oh please cry, my Little Man! And thank God that there's a park for you to walk in and tiny animals to bestow your love upon! Who would think, Little Man, that you could love! Have a good cry St. Francis. No one will see you. They're too busy looking at themselves! Get yourself stoned St. Francis! Who would think that you could love...'

A very slight smile, so faint it was almost unnoticeable, slipped across his face as the squirrel plucked another nut from his fingers.

I let out a gasp and dove into my pocket-book, crammed with junk. Pulling out a pad, I scribbled as I said out loud,

"Saint Francis fed the squirrels."

Both Laura and Leona looked at each other and smiled a somewhat knowing smile.

"I want to write a story about him," I said, "He's like something from another era."

We left the park laughing.

Fool that I am! I am the little man and the

squirrels, and the people that watch him! I can't help hoping he won't die just yet.

When he does, I hope he dies in his sleep.

ADELE GERAGHTY

LEMMING — MY MOTHER

Lemmings are small, attractive rodent-like creatures who inhabit the Arctic Tundra region. They are nomadic animals who travel endlessly in search for food. Rather than change their course, bands of lemmings have been known to swim across rivers, where more than half drown. No barriers can hinder their progress because of their great determination to move on. They are famous for their quixotic courage, demonstrated in their willingness to fight for their young. Unfortunately, large predators find the brave lemming easy game.

I know only one person who possesses the virtues of this animal. She has searched endlessly for the food called kindness and understanding, and she still searches, finding only enough crumbs to keep her from dying of starvation. Mountains of apathy, rivers of fear and deserts of hopelessness confronted her in her journeys, but in her desperation, she managed to move on. When she thought she had found her sustenance, a grotesque animal called CRUELTY chased her away from happiness, devouring her spirit again and again, until almost all her willingness to live had been ingested into its black interior. Unceasingly, she searched, being led into spider webs of pain, hypnotized into security, then being allowed to fall into a pit of reality by the sneering laugh of deception. The little progress she had made in life had been envied by other lemmings who conspired to stop her from gaining any more. They bit her and clawed at her soul until blood and tears drenched her shabby gray rags. One reason for existence then saved her from dying. She sheltered it, nursed it and made it grow. Only then was she able to seem complete. But is she complete? Even now I sense that she searches for food. Will she regain what she has unwillingly lost, or has half of her drowned in the seas of her past?

ROXANNE RIVERA

JUST A SIMPLE JACK-ASS

I told her from the first to be careful. She wouldn't listen. I can still remember the massive shoulders shrugging away my advice. Even then, I marveled at the similarity between her and the mule she called, Angel.

We met on a lonely road, quite by accident. I was desperately lost and she was passing by. I watched for a while before speaking and letting my presence be known to her. She was a big girl, with long, brown hair, pulled back into a messy pony-tail. Her skin was a deep tan, from the long exposure to the sun and her feet were bare. Her arm rested on a small mule who refused to move. With her hands pulling on his rope, she finally got it to move a few steps only to give up as the mule once more stood still. She went and sat under a tree, and I approached her.

I thought her to be an uneducated farm girl and so I spoke to her in the Spanish dialect spoken in the region. She noticed my clumsiness and with a smile spoke to me in a hesitant English. I told her my name and how I was lost and she offered to take me to the town as soon as her mule decided he was ready,—she did not want to trouble him. It was a full ten minutes before he rose from his hind-quarters and started to walk down the road. It was another hour before we reached the town, and the public water pump.

After getting Angel a jug of water which she spilled into her hand while he drank, she went to the pump where I was drinking. She drank. It was not until they began to shout their insults that I noticed the boys standing nearby. She paid no attention to their taunts, only continued to drink her water. I was furious in the face of her calmness. I could not think what to do and so moved towards the source of the shouting. She stopped me, not speaking a word, and I could only stare at her in disbelief, in confusion. I continued to watch her as she unstrapped the bag from her mule's back, slung it over her shoulder and walked towards the church yard. I followed, unwilling to let her out of my sight. She placed the bag by the door and without a word, went back to her mule. She walked slowly with even steps, each falling squarely on the ground. When we reached the mule, she looked up, smiled her kind, knowing smile and said good-

by. I looked around me to make certain we were alone.

"It should not matter who your parents were. The product is what is of importance. It should not matter!"

She patted her Angel's head, "After all, he is just a simple jack-ass."

MIRIAM JIMENEZ

ALLI

His dark skin and strong legs were always seen among his goats. Alone in the isolated valley, sleeping with them, eating with them, their world became his.

At the time the sun came up, he went to his long journey with his flock to find pasture. They glided down mountains, a black wild river, and he with them, skipping upon the rocks with his curved, hairy legs, and always holding, like a single horn, a huge oak stick. Alone.

At sunset when the sun colored the trees with pastel tender colors, he returned to the cave. Here, on his wooden bed, covered with hard goats' skins, he watched his goats when their wild desire rose; he watched them making their coarse love on the stained ground.

His unsatisfied desire was then rising inside him, wild and powerful. His hoof-like hands would grasp something in the air, until the pale dawn came....

He tried to get deeper and deeper into the valley. To escape! To forget!

He tried to concentrate his life, his thoughts, on the goats, staying with them in the cold winter, helping them to give birth to their young, and yet they feared him. Sometimes he would become cruel all of a sudden, trying to hurt them, and they would see death in his eyes. Blood. His cracky voice would hang like a wild eagle in space, above them, threatening.

Sometimes he would stand for hours on a peak, the wind blowing against his dark, hairy chest; his sharp eyes searching the distances below. Something vague, ungrasped would begin to wrestle inside his simple brain. What was it?

One time in one of his journeys he met a group of children. Their pure eyes looked, won-

dering, at him. They feared this dark, sweat-smelling figure in a goat-skin.

"What is your name?"

Long forgotten cords of something undefined rang inside him. But he could only draw distorted, childish forms on the ground, and call

his goats. His legs then jumped lightly upon the rocks, and he disappeared. A free, wild figure.

But something was missing in his mind; something he wanted and knew not. Something which could never be fulfilled.

SCHOSCHONA SCHONFELD

THE WANDERING ALBATROSS

He came from the sea to puzzle us, like a wandering albatross. He had traveled many lifetimes and seen more than he told of before he came to us to choose his mate.

He was fine-boned and handsome beneath his curls of soft down, and as the albatross is clothed in thick feathers to shield him from the wind, so was our albatross enveloped in his own shield of fantasies to guard him from the soberness of the world around him.

We doubted him and knew too little of his mysteries, just as the sailors had always held this unusual bird in wonder.

Like the albatross, he seemed never to sleep. His eyes remained open in rest, as if he sought to see great distances in his dreams.

He seemed to fear us, for he never fully landed in our midst, always hovering just out of touch, not wanting to leave us, but afraid to give up his wandering life and put his wings to rest forever, not wanting to be soiled by our human frailties, and not wanting to recognize his own.

He was a sea bird and a strange bird, and

he came to us to find a mate.

He found her in the summer and took her to the sea. The courting customs of the albatross are peculiar to us. Male and female waddle toward each other with a dignified step and bow ceremoniously. After some strutting, they cross bills and seem to fence like swordsmen, meanwhile uttering strange cries.

The pattern of their relationship bore a startling likeness to that of the albatross.

It was an odd and unearthly love, nourished on the sea, and always he hovered above her, not wanting to close his eyes to his dreams of wanderings past and wanderings to come; afraid to let her touch his vulnerable soul, and always afraid of losing his wings.

The summer came and went, and few of us succeeded in truly understanding our albatross.

When the sea froze, so did the love of our albatross. It seemed to be covered with a shell of transparent ice that promised to melt in the spring, and at the peak of the lonely winter the albatross stood at the shore of reality and spread his wings in the rain.

JUDIE PFEFFER



EMOTIONS

GRIEF

Sunshine. Yellow-gold shining in my hair.
Life is beautiful. Flowers are blooming. Birds
are singing. The world is full of light. My hap-
piness radiates from my eyes. A song bubbles
forth with a will of its own. I can't control my
feet from dancing up the walk. The house looks
different today. Brighter. Homier. The phone
rings. An ominous ring. Threatening in its sim-
plicity. I try to close my ears. I will it to stop, but
it keeps on. I hesitantly pick it up. "Hello." My
voice quivers. My hands shake. I hear the faceless
voice on the other end telling me goodbye for-
ever. The click in my ear tells me the conversa-
tion has ended, but my hand is clamped tightly
around the phone. My fingers turn white. The
veins grow taut. The phone burns into my palm
like white coals. I drop it. The house is dull and
suffocating. It chokes off my breath, and I run
out. Outside, it's grown cold. The fog has started
to roll in, and has turned the sun black. I run.
I can't stop running. The wind whips my hair into
my vacant eyes. Finally, I collapse on a bed of
rock. The screams are ripped from my throat with
a will of their own. The salt of my tears burn my
eyes. Drained finally of emotion, I walk home,
and calmly rip the pictures off the wall.

BARBARA ESCOFFERY

A SONNET

*You stretched your hand out in an offering.
An invitation for a short time stay.
With great uncertainty, I wondered if
I should not stop to hear your music played.
To hesitate would be a faulted move.
And yet, where e'er I turn, I cannot see.
The water now has blinded reasoning
In me. I long to find your manhood now.
Across the seas of time unreal we reach
Each other's fingertips. And with that touch
I wonder if all innocence is gone.
I do not wish to cleanse my hands — in fear.
To stroke your face must satisfy me now
For, "Thou shall not covet what is thy neighbor's!"*

HOPE SINGER

POEM

(For R.R.S.)

*I won't try to watch the stars breathe
through us
Or to listen, as the death drums have
sounded,
but,
they are quietly beating
beneath the roads of our evolution, over
dark covered rocks, pouring forth tears
to spirit, pacing the path . . .*

*But the hazy love glow returns
to resshadow the past with regret, turned to
the place
Where we once flew together exalted
like birds in the free grey sky.*

*The
Voyages where we vaulted
into the patterned past
have blackened.
Still
There is warmth
for
Now I am wrapped in a soft brown
leaf;
inhaling,
alone
and pulled
by the reassuring cloud substance to
the cold and windy hilltop
where I will
Erect this daybreak
in the form of an Altar.*

MARCI COMPTON

AND WHAT A BIZARRE RELATIONSHIP IT WAS

A tear fell and wet my lip. It must have
been the millionth shed. With all the strength I
possessed, I lashed out—I struck, I beat, I
wounded. I cut as deep as I could. Yet she re-
mained there, unmoved. She would simply stare
in astonishment. All my words were incompre-
hensible and senseless. I struggled within:-why
can she not understand? Why can she not? Why?

There was a time we walked along the shore together, she and I. We spoke in gentle tones of comprehending each other. We sat on the grey, broken rocks and watched the waves try to escape,—and we giggled, almost maliciously, because we both knew that Mother Sea would always reclaim them. There was something ironic about us witnessing the water trying to leave the ocean,—of one trying to break away from oneself.

The beach and the sea were great comforts to both of us. We claimed to be indigenous to it and swore that when death came, it would embrace us there.

But,—we fought constantly. Every day, a civil war, and there was no victor—because there never is in war! We wanted so desperately to join together—to be one. And very often we did come close to it. Then, in one fell swoop, the magic would be gone.

The day had come. The end was near. We both sensed it, at the same moment, as usual. I couldn't imagine life without her.

That evening, we sat in my room as we had so many, many times before.

She asked me why I was not sensitive; and then why I was not creative; and why not good? These words, I had heard them so many times before from her, suddenly took on a new twist. More questions on the trueness of my spirit, on the honesty of my soul. We two players smashed that ball of hate with our paddles with vigor before unknown.

She knew of my idealistic—no—simple-minded search, and used that to lacerate.

"A Diogenes," she screamed, "a cynical fool with a lamp. And what are you looking for?"

"Do you think yourself a sculptor, your soul a piece of clay you can mold and shape and twist—to make yourself that soft, wholesome, beautiful creature you are forever reaching for?"

The warm tears flowed to the floor and quickly we found ourselves swimming, lest we drown. The flood lasted for forty days and forty nights. Lightning ravaged the skies. The turbulent water cast me to shores unknown. When the sun came up at the dawn of the forty-first day, I knew a renaissance was coming. I prayed for a clear light. And when the water left and the ground dried, I gazed across the land and found I had not been taken away at all.

She was still there.

I know now she always will be there—for how can one lose her own reflection in the mirror of her own heart?

HOPE SINGER

RETURN OF MIDNIGHT

*Midnight came to fair Claudina
Images returned in mist
Ghost of fatal cavern boulders
From the moulding rotting crypt.*

*Calling for her but in vain
Hands extended, eyes aflame
"Fair Claudina, I've come for you
Trust in me, you'll feel no pain.*

*You can't feel me touch your hair
Tresses wildly strewn about you
You can't hear my longing verses
Staring blankly into space.*

*Only now you rise from slumber
Only now you rise in fear
Fearing an unearthly presence
Knowing somehow I am near.*

*Sweet Claudina can you feel my
Longing hands caress your hair?
Can you see me, see me now
Tell me that you know I'm here."*

*"It is strange in midst of slumber
Arms feel wrapped around my soul."
"It is I, my raven beauty
Tell me that you see me now."*

*"Why on such a summer night
Have I chills that paralyze?"
"Sweet Claudina It is I,
Look unto my longing eyes."*

*"John, my love, I dream of you
John, oh God, can it be true?
Flames of blue that sparked your eyes
Hold my breath and stop my heart?"*

*"Yes, Claudina, oh my beauty,
Let my heart fly, come with me
I can feel your heartbeat quicken,
Can you feel the life in me?"*

*Windows parted, doors blew open
Wind had carried in the storm.
Clocks stopped ticking, curtains rested,
But the music box played on.*

GAIL DEBEL

CONCRETE POEMS

LE CYGNE

So
grace-
ful, you
dance upon
the water,
gliding so effort-
lessly over the
reflecting
pool . . .
Your
serene face
shining in a million
sparkling mirrors. You flutter
your saintly pure wings like a silken
flame, growing in a pale sky. With your de-
ceptively strong beak, you rearrange your faery
down, to an even more perfect symmetry.
With an unearthly display of beauty,
you unfold your snowy pinions in a prayer
to the heavens; Then, with a flurry of down, —
you glide upwards like a billowy cloud . . .
proceeding your prayer, like a phoenix
from the muddy water. —
I knew
that
beauty
such as
yours
could not re-
main here
for-
ever.

DIERDRE
WOLOWNICK

SQUIRREL

Boy,
York City
o' nothin' . . .
beggars that they
put us on sometimes
racket goin' — these
on such a great
tiny rodent
I believe they
kind of award for
— After all, they do
applause — for example, — such cries as:
"C'mon . . . c'mon, a little closer . . .
. . . c'mon" — or — "Look, look
he's coming toward me." — or — "Take
it . . . take it . . . oh, c'mon, take it!" —
or — "Hey, I think he likes me!"
Poor fools, — he doesn't care one
way or the other about you . . .
He just sees you his way . . .
. . . perhaps as you really are
— — — a big nut.

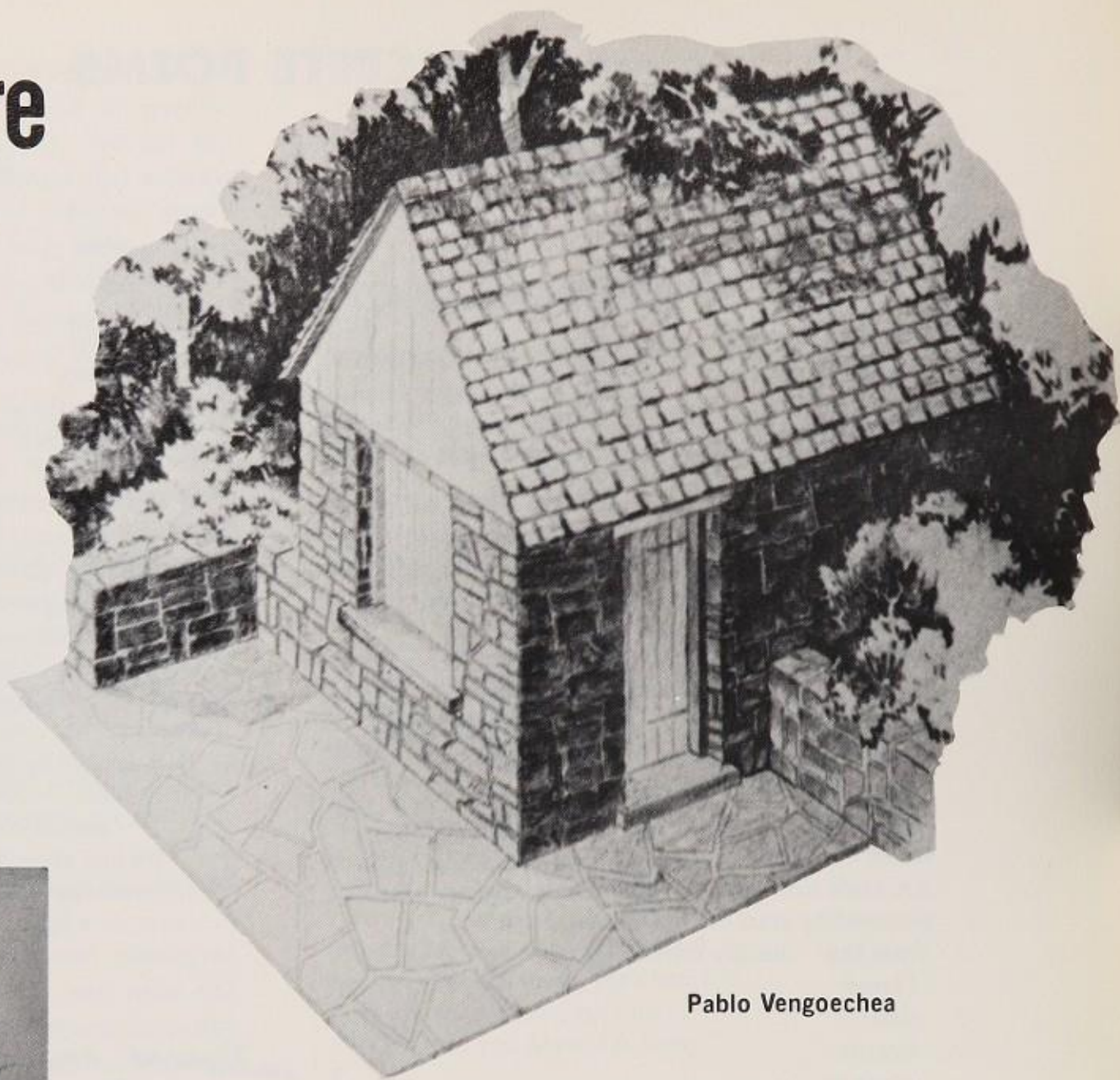
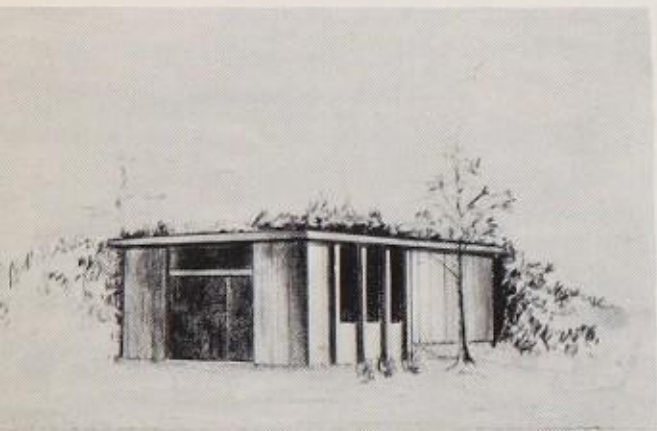
DANIEL HASKETT

*The Debut ~ Rainstorms depart as celestial audiences emerge at the musical chant of sun rays and
dancing raindrops. Clouds part their fleece-lined curtains as audition time nears. Enter
Rainbow, you royal actor and courtly jester. Dance your color dance. Sing your cosmic
color songs. Dissolve into a nitrogen blue stage of winged spectators . .
Encore, Encore Rainbow, you whimsical magical prism of ~
costumed elegance. Bow your Godly head and
fling your bouquet of painted stars ~*

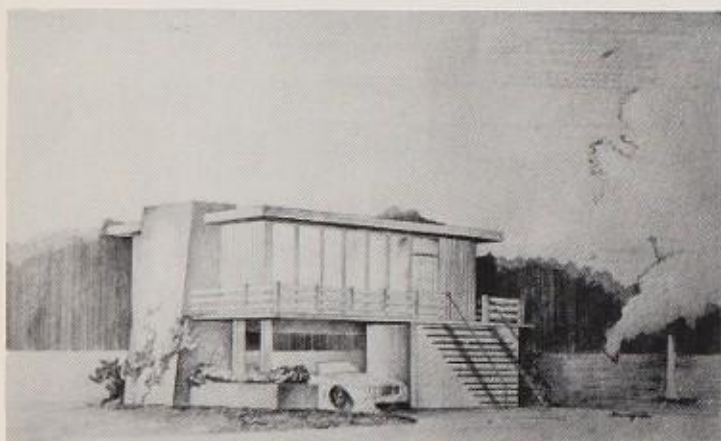
Bronda Branch

architecture

Jaime Rivera

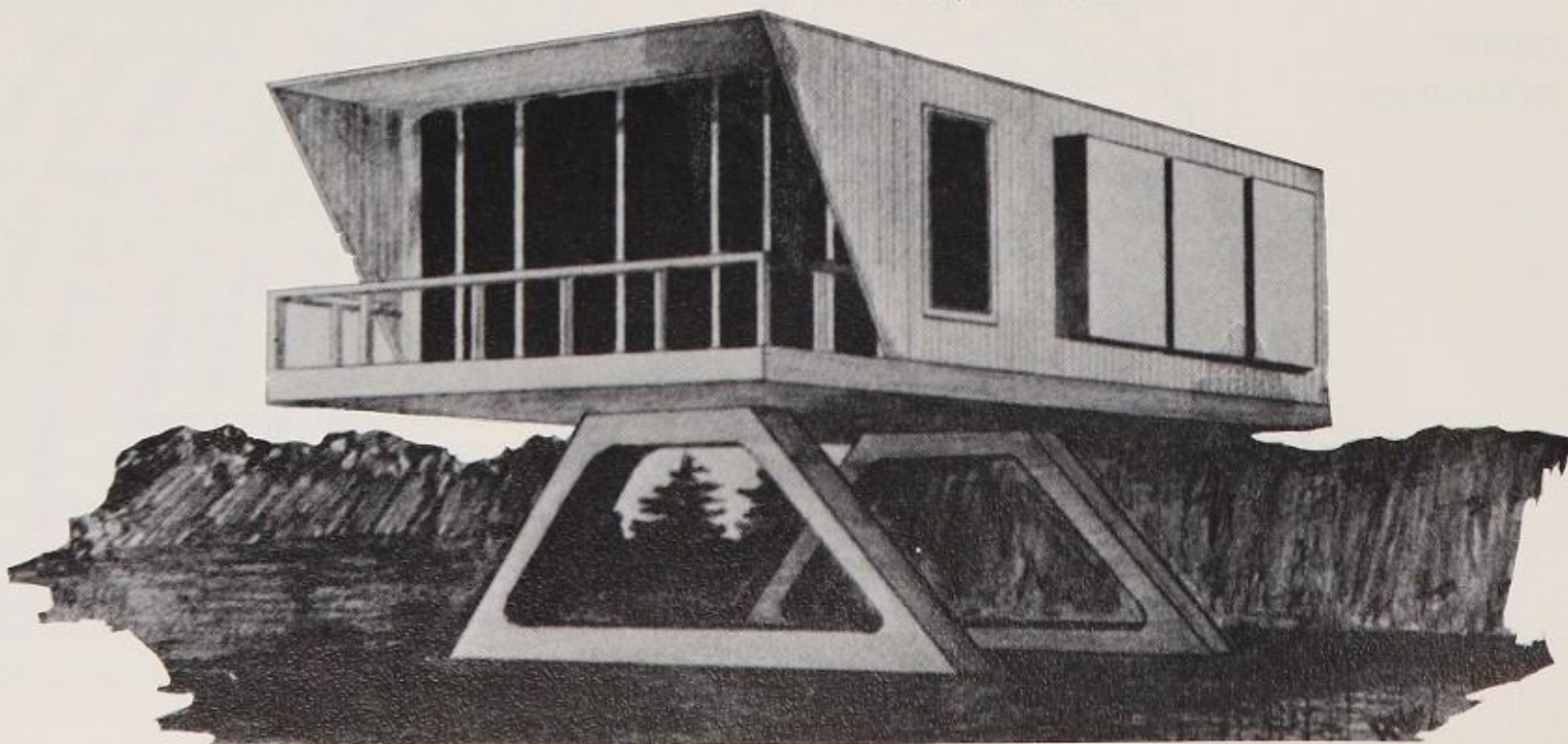


Pablo Vengoechea

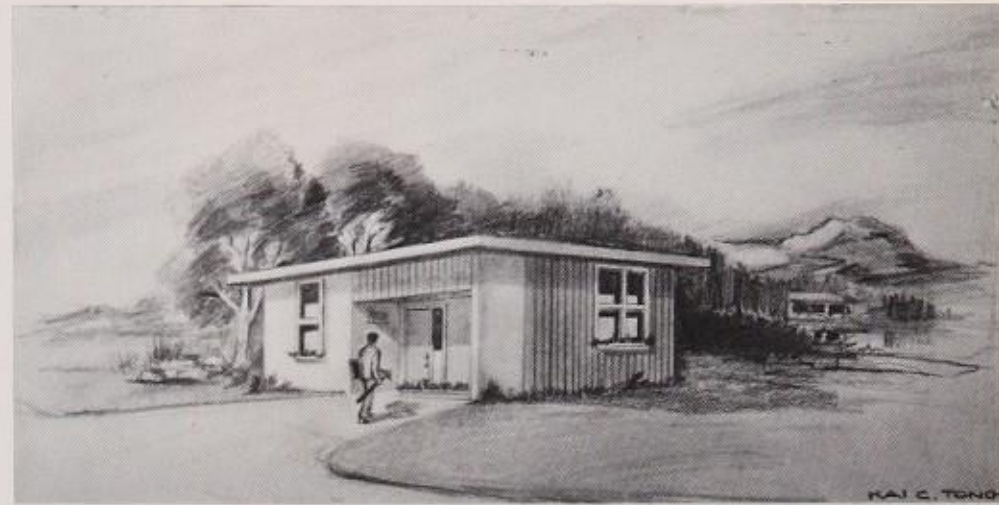
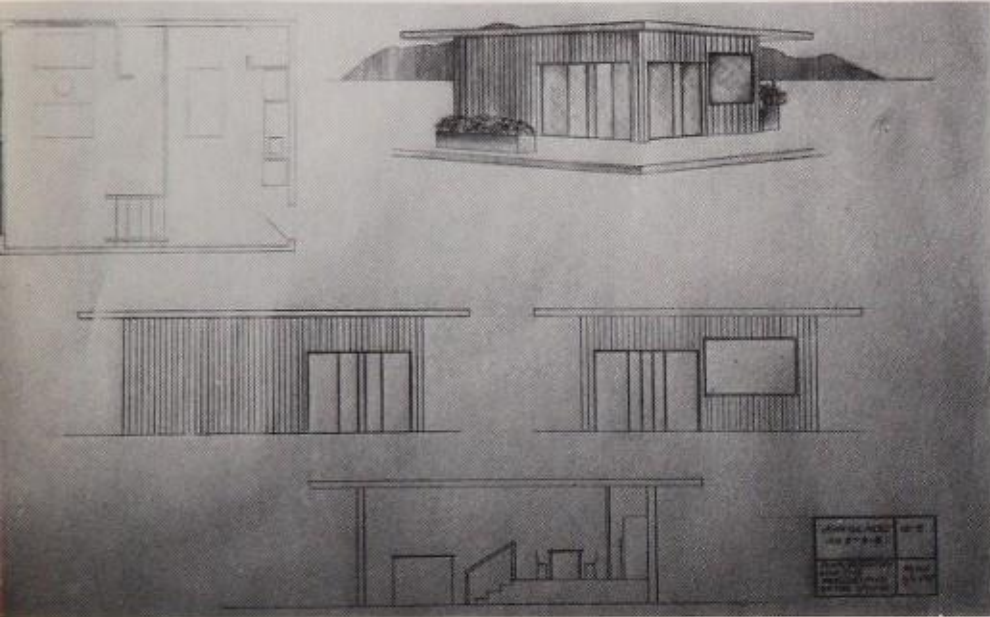


Tommy Chu

Joseph Barberio

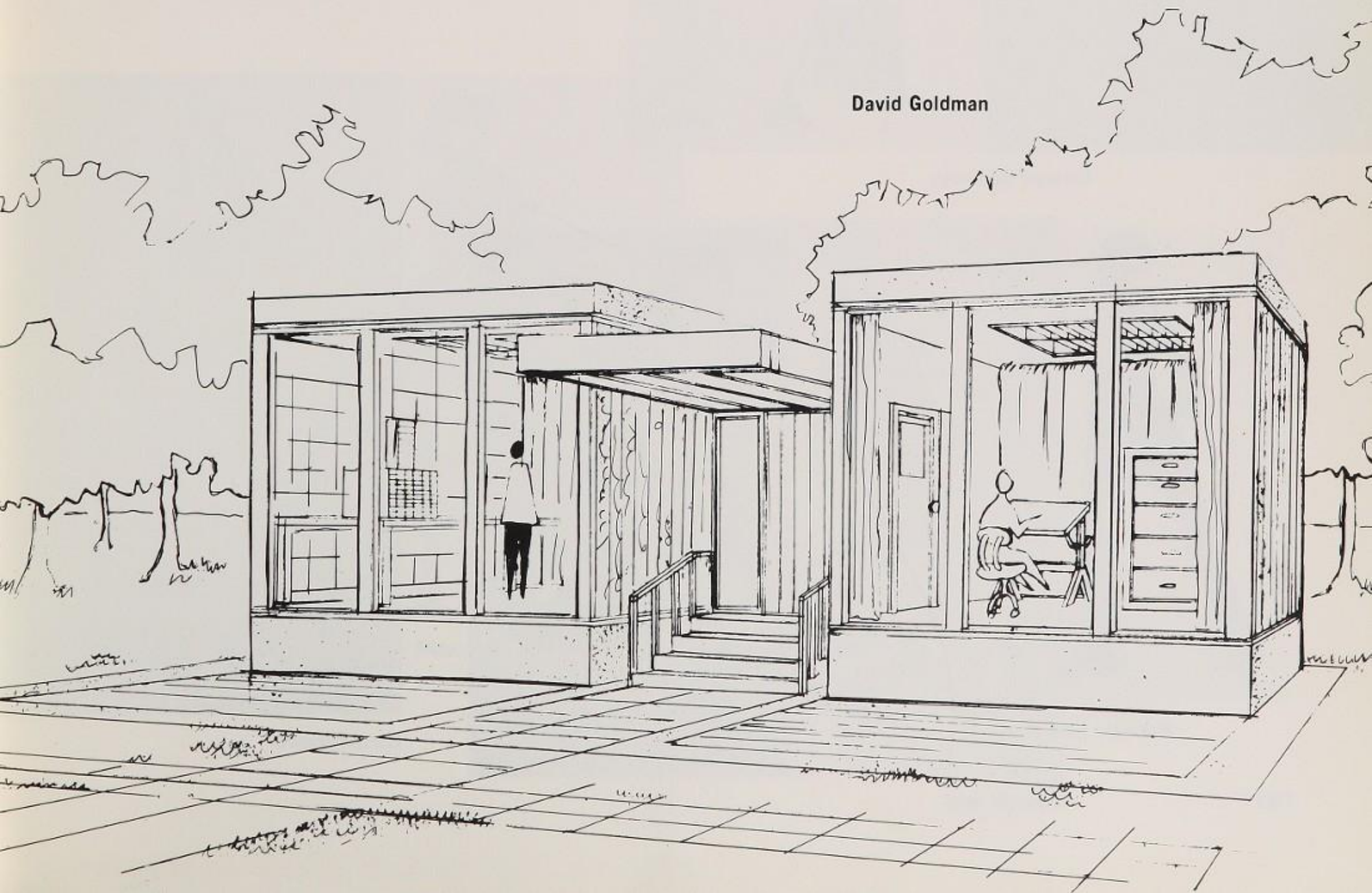


John Galindez



Kai C. Tong

David Goldman



costume design



Carolyn McCombs



Nancy Chu

Pat Polk



Starzetta Newsome



Doris Cordero



Beatrice Heller



Boni Fine

Janice Chin



Marita Neumann



Elba Montero

FABLE

THE TIGER AND THE ZEBRA

One afternoon, in the brilliance of the African sun, a zebra trod an unfamiliar path through the underbrush. Incautious and unwary, the striped beast fell into a deep hole, dug by the natives to capture prey. Through the day and deep into the night, the cowering creature lay, alone and frightened. The hole was too high to climb out of. Then, midway through the blackness of the hot evening, a passing tiger chanced to stumble and fall into the same hole.

Upon seeing him the zebra cried: "Listen my friend, this pit is too high for one to climb out, but I have a plan which may provide for the escape of two. If you were to stand erect against

the wall of the pit, and I were to climb upon your massive furry shoulders, I should be able to reach the top. Once out of this accursed pit, I would devise a means by which you could be rescued also."

The tiger, ravenous and greedy, thought not of the ingenious plan the zebra had proposed. He thought only of the tender and succulent meal the beast would make. Without further hesitation, he leapt savagely upon his captive companion and swallowed him whole. In the morning, the natives found him, alone and trapped in their pit.

Moral: Indulgence leads to disaster; it is far better to exercise self-constraint.

LANCE LOVELACE



CREATION SONG

Sun
beings billow in midnight air
In midnight, like the black sky and clouds
that gather for the falling flight to

blending, from being embedded
in Winter, beneath the warm black
Earth

Encrusted in salt;
Body; substance,
being

Birth:

a god's cycle to

a body
bursting from the blue
blooming
womb.

MARCI COMPTON

I HAD TO CHOOSE

I joined them and hoped that in doing so I would discover if this was the action I should take. I wanted to know how they felt and thought about the issue. So I took up a sign and marched with them. I began to believe that they were justified in leaving school, in protesting.

I read their leaflets and heard them voice their opinions on what should and should not have been done—I sided with them.

So I picketed but still I could not merge with them. I was not submerged in their fervor; I could only observe. As time passed and they began to shout their slogans, I shouted too, but not from deep down as they did, only from the surface. It was more as an experiment to discover what it was like, than really an emotional outburst. I voiced words but remained impassive.

As time went on, the words and their repetitions pounded into my brain and began to take hold of me. I associated them with what I believed, and shouted louder; but I felt disturbed; something was amiss.

I watched the reporters come, and dwelt on what it would be like to be on camera. I saw the picketers swarm around the reporter; they wanted a moment of glory. On I walked. The shouting had momentarily subsided, and I began to think. Why did they feel so strongly over this cause? Was the injustice done to them really so great? But soon I was dragged into a sea of swarming bodies. Another reporter had arrived. I found myself in front of a camera, and many bodies pushing down on top of me. I wanted to say, "Get off me," but knew that the cameras would see me. So instead I mustered all my control and held up my sign. Inside, I hated every moment of it. This was not my type of glory.

Now we were to march through the streets, and the whole mile of bodies and shouts to resume as before. I remembered a peace march that I had once participated in and I wondered if this would be as peaceful.

The reporters followed us, and we soon received a police escort. I was tired and hot, for two hours of picketing had already passed. My throat ached from shouting meaningless words. But those around me shouted stronger than before and the concrete canyons echoed their angry voices. I was silent.

I thought, "Did anger and loud voices ever bring about change; the desired change, or did it bring about havoc?"

The answer did not come.

We arrived at our destination and all at once, there was an uproar. My crowd had sighted another. Before I could comprehend the proceedings I was swept along with the rest. Those about me screamed as they ran, but I just ran. I feared that stopping would result in my being run over by this insane crowd. My portfolio dragged heavily on me, and anger at the foolishness of the situation rose up in me. I just wanted to stop and drop to the ground; I was tired of the entire procedure. But I kept on; I had to see what was going to happen.

Everyone finally halted. I wished that this would come to an end. Police were appearing in greater numbers and barricades were being placed around us. I wondered what would happen next.

Some students spoke and defined the purpose of this rally. I stood and stared, my mind beginning to make associations. They spoke words that I had heard many times before, and I was afraid of what I concluded, afraid of what would follow.

The atmosphere calmed down and everyone milled around, sat down or smoked. I asked one of the leaders what was going to occur. He answered in a vague tone.

"We are waiting for the others."

I knew that my conclusions would be correct.

I was confused, but I knew what I had to do. They were not to get a hold on me as they had on others. The crowd was not going to drag me down into its depths of irrationalities. So I left.

I walked on and on down into Manhattan, feeling alone and guilty of deserting the others. But soon my mind cleared. I knew that I had to do what I had thought was right, and not let misguided emotions of loyalty and anger govern me. I knew very well what could happen to a crowd without competent leaders. For me, leaving had been the one and only logical solution. I didn't want to be a part of this disaster.

That night I heard what I was afraid to hear. I saw my thoughts and fears come to life on the very television screen that everyone had

wanted to be on this past morning. The anger and hate had been spilled. They had rallied, all right, and they had generated within themselves uncontrollable rage. They had put into motion a small riot. They had destroyed what they had so greatly wanted.

I had always wanted to belong, to get involved in a cause, but now I came to the conclusion that if this was the result of believing and belonging so strongly to a cause, that reason and right were discarded, I would rather walk alone for the rest of my life than be a part in such an irrational rally of destruction.

LEONA SEUFERT

CONQUEST

Dedicated to Miss Aldan . . .

*As I fall into place
the silent forms drift before
my eyes.
And the Voice of Radio whimpers
as though set upon and shaken from
the Roots.
It moans and screams as the forms
move in silence
weaving a silent song
that is louder and stronger
than the disgusting whimpers
it mercifully drowns out.
The Voice of Radio dies unnoticed
its miserable dying squeak covered
by the beautiful silent song,
A song more magnificent than a symphony.
I marvel at the Ultimate Power,
at the Ultimate Song.*

CRAIG STARK

THE SEA

*Clashing waves, angry skies, prominent clods of earth;
A proud sight, a euphoria to any naturalist;
On calm humility rolls the dawn:
Pale the shore line, glistening with nature's bliss;
Gifts of life — from the sea
I, the beholder of such beauty,
Feel the warmth of the sun,
Bathed by nature's own breath
Sifting through turbulent rushes.
I AM the SEA.*

GLOR BROWN

THE GREAT ETERNAL SUNBURST

*I rise in the morning amidst clouds of uncertainty;
The air is dark and moist.
Eternity has not yet awakened to the cowardly entrance
of the priestly sun.
It is delinquent.
It will come with unknown grandeur,
And paralyze our eyes.*

*The orange globe sinks from oblivion
And reveals its splendor to all who disbelieve.
Crimson and vibrant it yields such illumination.
Orange shadows cover the world
In a blanket of love
Without which all worlds would surely die.
In the opaque prism of the universe,
We forget all that is about us.
We tend to take for granted that which is natural.*

*The omnipotent Sol reaches down with hands of coral
And touches our pained souls.
And lights our dark future.
And heals our sick and diseased.
And gives hope to the poor and needy.
And gladdens the sorrowful.
And like a trance
It spreads over us and engulfs us in its mystery.
Leaving us only as ignorant as we began.
Coral and crimson and shades of topaze
Gleam over the sea.
Shadowy fire reflects in the mirrors of our ego.
Perhaps we do not or cannot fathom such a Godly universe.
Where time and air and earth and grass and fire and smoke
and life and death and love and war and blood and
tears and fear and vengeance and hate and
disgust and dignity and unworthiness and hearts
and souls and passion and indifference
Can all be one and the same.
Can be ignored and pushed aside
Like rotten fruit.
Surely in this neon world of boundless and uncensored emotions
We should see the futility of our blood
The uselessness of our sweat!
And the grime of our tears!*

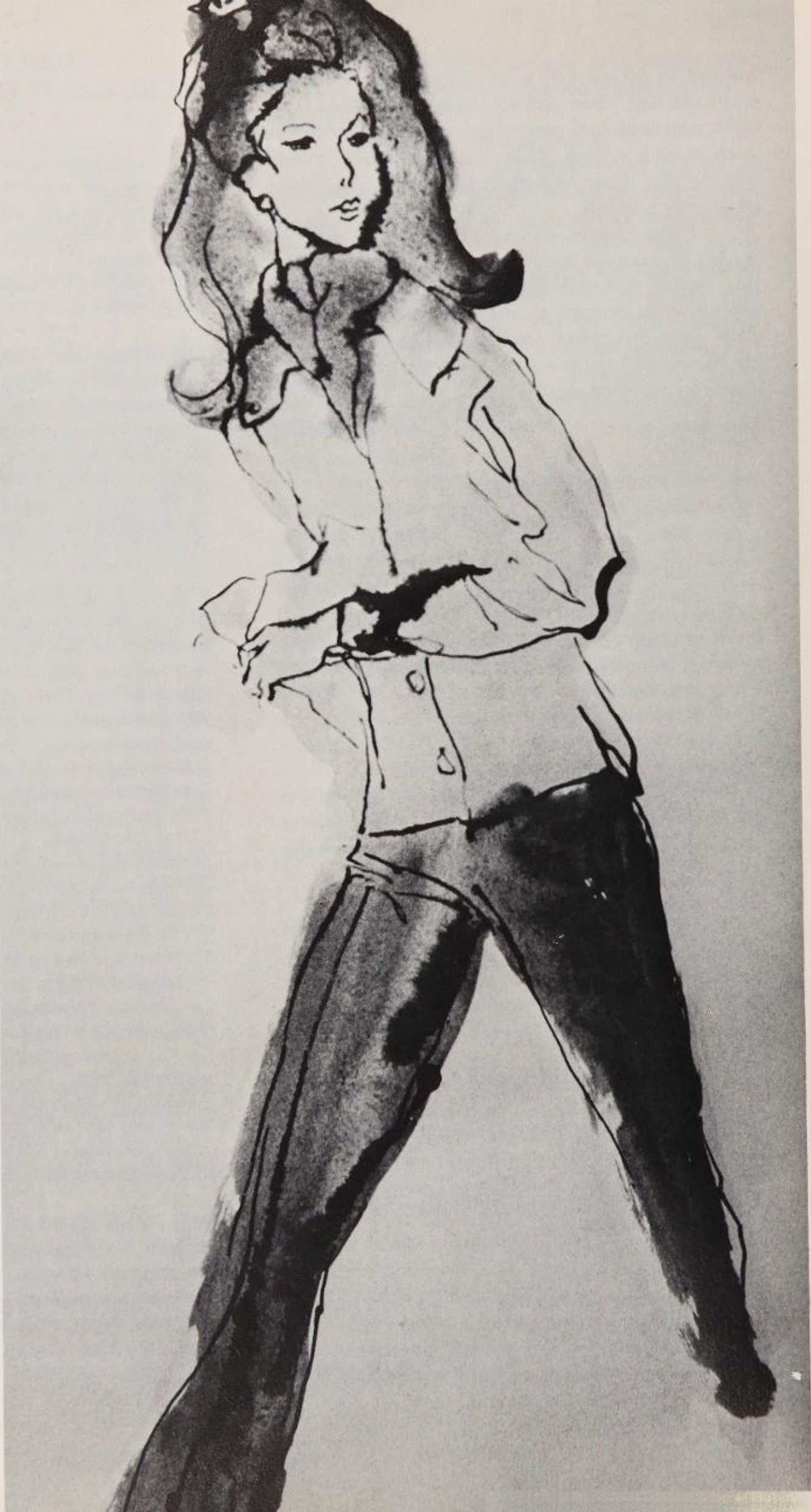
*But we come again to the great orange ball
Without which we would not exist.
The great eternal sunburst.
The great universal premier.
The great eternal sunburst.*

LORRAINE BROOKS

fashion illustration



Sue Chin





James Salerno



Gail Debel



Sandra Kaplan



Karen Clarke



Rosemary Steele

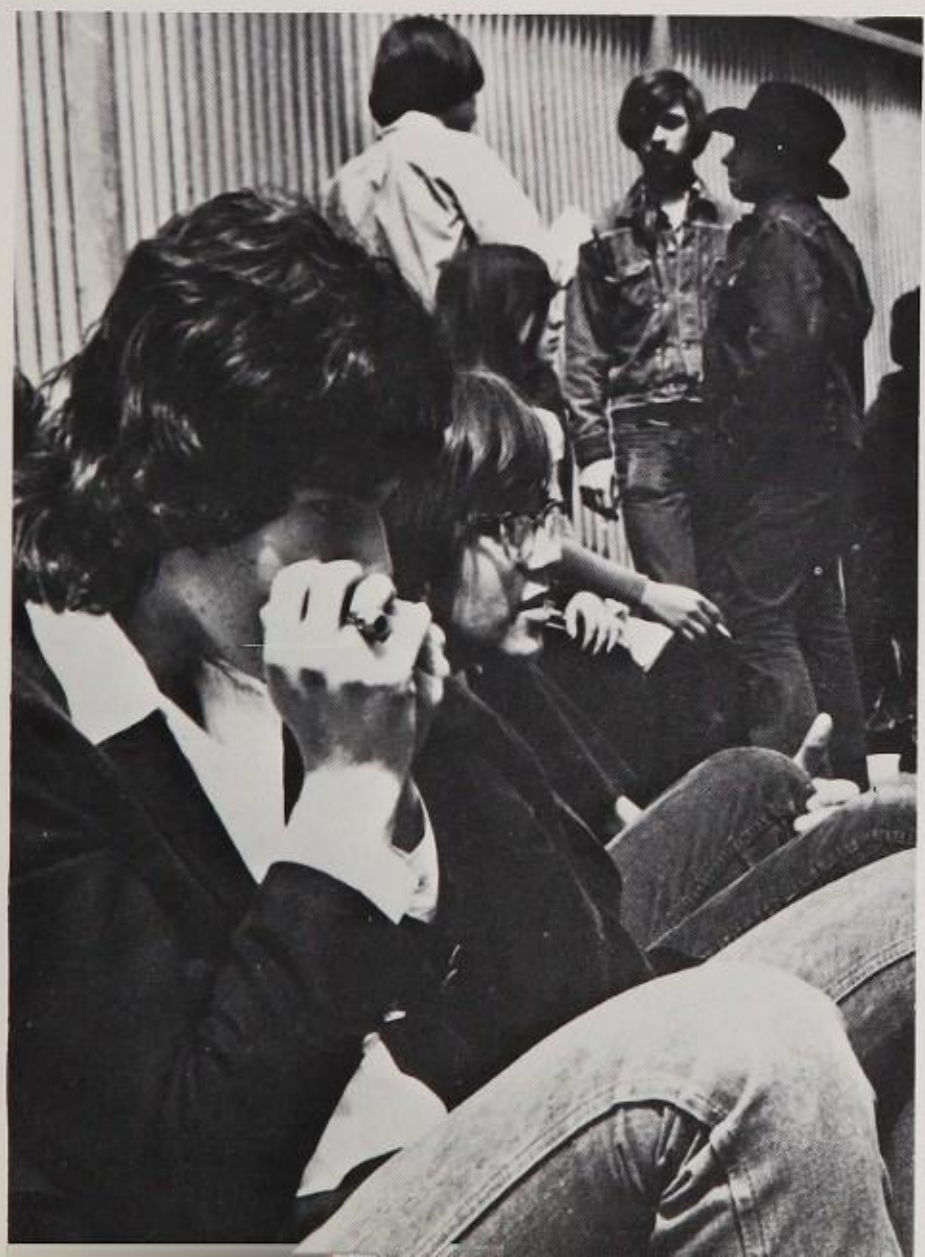


Forest Ray



the course we all passed





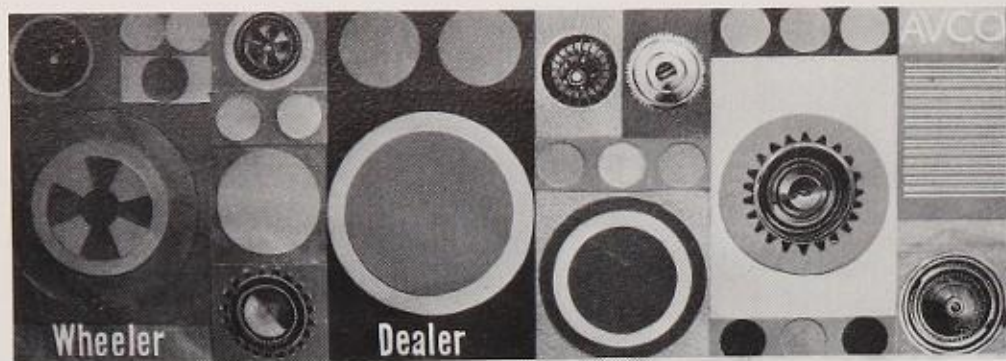
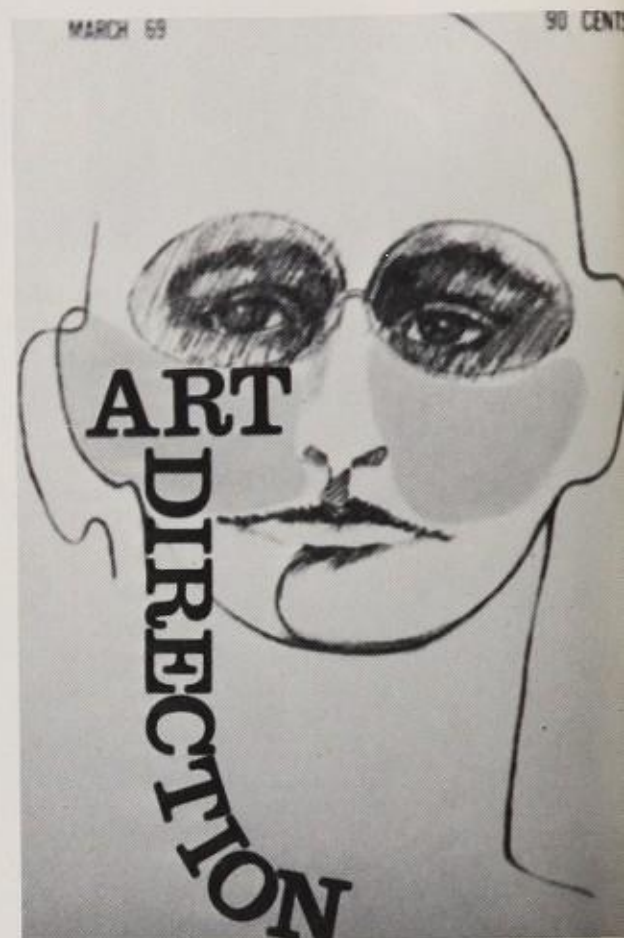


illustration / advertising art



Valentin Ramirez

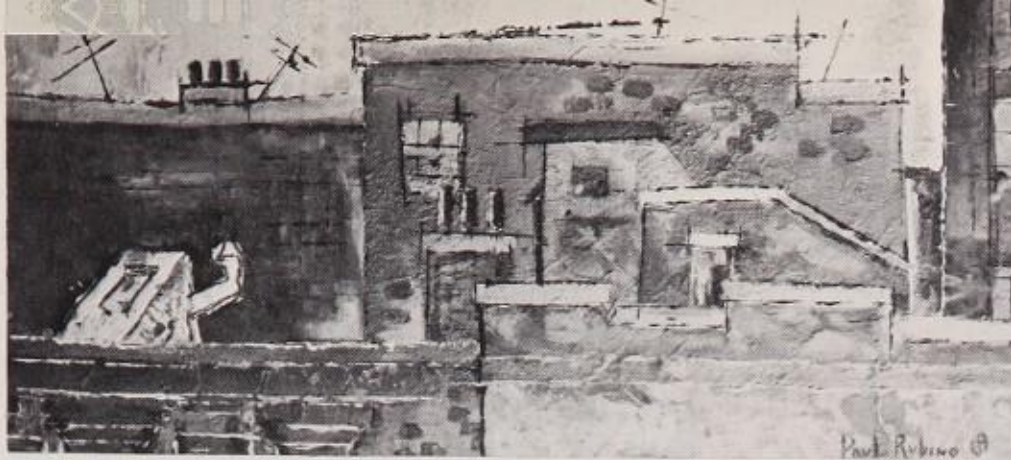
Hector Perez



Donald Ellison

Ronald West

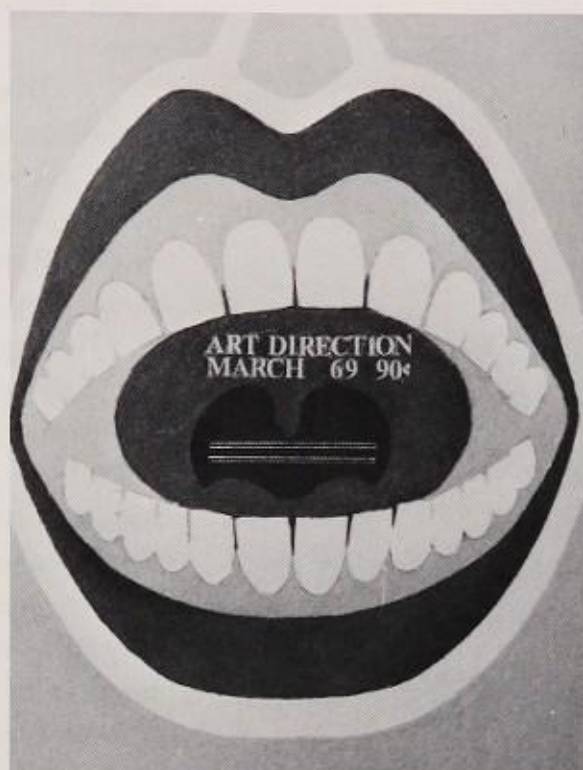




Paul Rubino



Harvey Fierstein



Allen Davis



George Hom

George Moy

Peter Carella



THE CITY

THE LETTER

Dear City,

Your people hover
In the grayness and solitude of their homes
Dominant gray
Domineering gray
Your streets bustle with
Rainy faces; cleansed of individualism
In the beauty of night and still of the morning
You resound with the noises of nothing
And with all you have to offer
You give but nothing
Your reservoir of hope
Has become a draughty hole
And your people who were once people
Are now pebbles
Being ground to nothing
With all due respect to you city
I regret to inform you
I will not be engulfed in your madness
I will remain a rock

Sincerely,

Individual

ELLEN LASPALUTTO

ON EITHER SIDE OF THE RAILROAD TRACKS

The broken bits of beer bottles were scattered along the sidewalks. Their stale stench combined with the various unpleasant odors of putrid food, dirt and the decaying bodies of dead cats. The stains on the sidewalks started to bubble and boil, turning into a hardened lava. The garbage cans overflowing with the discarded articles, slowly grew grotesque, ugly, symbolic of all the trash and dirt that bred and lingered behind the locked doors with loose hinges and between the steps of the chipping paint of the fire escapes ascending higher and higher, reaching the roofs and then graded and blending into the sky in the dark billowy clouds that rose from the chimney.

The people sat at the windows with placid expressions like hungry vultures ready for prey. Their mouths foamed and watered for the sight of a victim to become captured in the webs of their disfigured minds. Their words were pre-

planned coming out in shrilled voices travelling over from alley to alley trying to be discreet but knowing how to hurt.

The pack of wolves lurked about the corners dressed in black shiny leather, tough to the exterior, impenetrable on the interior. The venom of evils and sins seeped in through their pores and surrounded the walls of their hearts. They lingered and attacked, but with panic in their eyes they ran, scared at the sound of a police siren.

The little children inscribed various obscenities on the streets and marred the gutters. They played cops and robbers, shooting at each other, killing each other, fighting and knifing each other in play, so affected by life. Will they ever play happy games?

A group of Rabbis walked along the streets on their way to the synagogue, dressed in their uniforms, their long bristly beards flowing along with their somber black robes. They walked seriously and peacefully. In the eyes of the others, they were ridiculed, labeled with the words of the prejudiced, tortured with names. A young boy throws a rotten egg from a window, cracking on one of their hats, dripping down in a syrupy gooeey liquid. But they keep walking, constantly keeping a steady pace.

Cross over the railroad tracks and observe. The contrast is unbelievable.

The rows of tall majestic-like apartment houses glisten in the morning sun. A landlord sweeps slowly a few specks of dust on the clean sidewalk.

A young man slowly shines his car, applying the last coat of liquid and searching to see his own reflection in the vinyl finish. The rows of trees begin to blossom in the early Spring air, reaching out in grandeur, and sheltering the streets from the evils so near.

The school children run down the streets laughing, smiling, their cheeks flushed pink with excitement and exuberance. They pile into the vacant bus and create life inside the still vehicle.

A middle-aged woman walks her dog and greets everyone, "Hello." Her French poodle is dressed in a stunning outfit, complete with booties.

There is a peaceful stillness and calm in the streets. People are living humanly, not like animals hungry and desperate in low poverty conditions.

There are two distinct worlds lying on

either side of the railroad tracks. There is no barbed wire, no fence, no walls, but for the people living on the poor side, it is practically impossible to break through.

GAIL DEBEL

THE "B" POEMS

LOVE'S BIRTH

Bursting . . .
 beyond its boundaries.
Breathing . . .
 within the being of its harbor.
LOVE is abundant in its beneficence
 and
Boundless now in its beauty.

CAROLYN MC COMBS

"B"

Barren land
 betrayed and bombed
 by the bold
 and barbaric.
Brazen bulls
 brandishing
 blades
 blazing with
 blood.
Blood,
 blackened
 and bubbling
 beneath
 burnt
 and battered
 bridges.
A bending
 Tower of Babel,
brought down
 by the
 bravado
of the recently
 banished
bandit.

JUDITH PFEFFER

A FOOL'S PRAYER

Bacchus
 god of wine,
 baptize this bumbling babe into your
 bacchanalian rites.
I come before you bare faced and bland.
 Worse than a bumpkin;
Barren of frivolity, beaten, broken
 and barred.
Bathe me . . . in your bitter, blinding waters.
Bury my carcass under the ruins of Babel.
Buy me I bid you.
 FRee this SoUL from inhibitions.
BIRTH Anew your blazing waters bring.
blithe spirits Bold, Blustering in Baritone voices,
 brimming with quick wit and skills.
Blame me not for binding my spirit to you
 I KNOW NO OTHER WAY
A fool,
 bound to the magic troubadours' ballads caused
 by your brew.
BARBARIC FOOL . . .
 a blundering, babbling
 fool.

ALEXANDRA REYES

the agony and the ecstasy





THE BRIDGE

THE BALLAD OF THE MAN ON THE BRIDGE

*He stood and he watched,
Never moving he stared,
Down the abyss of hell
His shadowed eyes glared.*

The wind whipped at his face, tossing his hair out behind him in a golden contrast to the starless black sky. Rain lashed his naked form as he stood, unmoving, on the obsidian bridge that spanned the gulf between life and infinity. Like a statue of gold, he faced the unknown. He held himself proud, and death was in his eyes.

*And he knew as he looked
—The last Man of Men—
He would die the real death
And come never again.*

And all about him stretched the cold, barren wastes that had once been a world known for its life. Where once had rolled the green hills of Earth, there was now nothing but heaps of charred slag and frozen waves of molten sand. All was pitted and scarred like an anguished body being eaten by leprosy. Where once cool breezes had blown, there was only the cooling remnants of atomic fire. Where once the songs of nature had rung out in the air, there was only the emptiness of a vacuum whose atmosphere had long since departed. He stood on the bridge, afraid of himself and alone with his tears.

*He who had called the death
From the skyl
Who had screamed like the thunder,
Like the thunder he'd die.*

*The death that had come at his sign, at his call,
Killing and burning, destroying them all,
Snuffing out light in a mushroom of shade,
Like a portrait of Death sitting, laughing,
In Hades.*

They had screamed and died by the thousands and millions. Young men holding their

women and raging at their helplessness. Old men running about in the confusion of age to have their ancient skin burned from their dry-tinder bones. Mothers desperately sheltering their children and screaming in pain. Children trying to suckle again. From ashes they had come and to ashes they went, taking with them their thoughts, beliefs, and way of life. All the generations had become like the fine black dust that now covered the dead crust that remained! That always remained. And he stood filled with sadness that the glory of man had died out like a fire and was covered with sand.

*No pains of glory, no moans of defeat,
In silence he'd die,
With surrender he'd meet,
The G-d who had made him
The Man that he was,
And he'd finally learned the G-d's name,
It was love.*

He was the last, all the others were gone. It had taken the end of a world to start his race over again. But this time they would start right, start with Truth and Beauty and Faith and Love. For he had learned the truth. And if he could always worship it, then the race would be remembered. Mankind would live on. For the G-d called Love was also known as Mercy and Forgiveness. And this man, while he would always remember his sin in shame, he would have a second chance, a chance to erase them.

*For the G-d was not hate,
The idols he'd praised,
He'd learned his mistake
And to G-d Man was raised.*

*He was washed of his sins,
But remembered his shame,
For G-d in His wisdom,
Had left man His name.*

BILL MANTLO

THE BRIDGE

I awoke, seeing the soft, red-orange sky slowly diffusing before my eyes. It was dawn. The last trailer truck had passed over my yawning, gray asphalt, and I knew that the city would soon awaken to greet me.

I slowly stretched myself thoroughly, stretching every cable, every girder, every coil, making sure that I was completely primed and ready for the morning onslaught of the city. At the usual time, about 6:45 A.M., the first brigade of cars came in. Each morning, I said a silent prayer of thanks that there was only a bare minimum of cars on the road, because at 6:45 in the morning, one does not drive that well. Perhaps the fact that one is still half-asleep at this time has something to do with it. At that time there are no such things as lanes; or, for that matter, no such things as steering wheels. I could just imagine the 8:45 group like this. When I do, I simultaneously detest the thought of having chrome-plated trash swept off of me every day.

At about 7:00 A.M., my cables stretch slightly as a larger, more wide-awake group comes in. These poor devils have had at least five minutes for a cup of coffee before entering their gas-buggies. These are the alert, defensive drivers you hear so much about. They are orderly, drive at a moderate speed, and comfortable to my asphalt. But, alas, they aren't very interesting to talk about. There is, however, a group that is more interesting; the hardy, robust walkers. This band of troopers, obviously young men, get their morning exercise this way. Wait till they get in the army....they'll get *lots* of exercise that way....

You'd be surprised how many athletes abound in the city, deeply breathing the polluted air. Now, 7:00 has become 'jog-in' time on my concrete. Sometimes it tickles. The joggers and those drivers who watch out for the other guy are slowly replaced by the wild ones.

The time is 8:00 A.M.; the actual onslaught is hitting its peak. Cables and coils stretched, here's an outline of what I am supporting: a multitude of drivers and cyclists (manual and motorized).

MULTITUDE OF DRIVERS—primarily made up of forty-five year-olds who must have had a secret desire to be jet jockeys. Their only reason for being on the road is to experiment on new ways to pass their little friends on my now compressed asphalt.

MANUAL CYCLISTS—I never knew bicycles were so popular. They're the only things that soothe my concrete. But the smooth, gentle rolling of bike tires is quite unlike their relatives, the

MOTORIZED CYCLES—whose jagged, burning treads feel like an avalanche of pebbles, and glass all wrapped up in a ball of heavy-grained sandpaper. Why is it when they cross me they begin to roar and spit cracks of violent ignition like cherry bombs in a trashcan? They NEVER seem to do it on any other kind of road. Why me?...why is it always me?

8:45 A.M.

Before I describe my guests for this period, I must ask a question. What makes people honk their horns when they know that the only way a car ahead of them can move would be to float above the traffic on a cushion of air?

My guests:

NORTHBOUND TIP—those who are disgusted with themselves for being late. They figure that they're late anyway so they might as well take it easy.

NEAR MIDDLE GROUP—"Hey, come on you guys, I'm late enough already."

MIDDLE GROUP—"Who the hell's up there causing this?"

NEAR END GROUP (horn-honkers)—spend their time doing two things; staring at their watches, and honking.

SOUTHBOUND (END) TIP (horn-honkers)—mutter dark oaths I don't wish to repeat.

At 10:00, I just sag from exhaustion,...and I ponder over the questions....How come we can't just skip from 4:30 to 6:30 P.M., and eliminate the demon in between?

DANIEL HASKETT

DEBORAH AND ME

At the tender age of twelve, one is innocent enough to defy society, yet vulnerable enough to be scarred by it.

I entered the vast schoolyard of Winthrop Junior High School, with eyes wide and hands trembling. I swallowed hard and stepped across the threshold into a new world of new friends and new ideas. New, strange, the building, the faces, oh, the faces, so many. I walked slowly through the faces, past the faces, between the faces, my eyes swallowing each one, checking each detail, establishing an opinion of each in my mind. I walked among the endless lines of faces, looking for my own. I saw a girl, an older girl, with makeup on her face and soft, smooth hair, holding a sign reading a few numbers and letters. I glanced down at my clumsy pocketbook and pulled out a postcard, whose corners I carefully straightened and pressed, and then I read my class section on it. I looked once more at the markings on the girl's sign, and upon finding it identical with the one on my card, I latched onto the line, sighed a deep sigh of relief, and half-smiled nervously as I felt my face grow red. I stood quietly on the line, glancing about as casually as I could, and nibbling on my lower lip. After what seemed to be quite a while, but was probably two minutes, a bell sounded and the lines began to shuffle along slowly toward the building. I watched the alien structure envelop the stream of figures, and my heart began to pound. I don't know what I expected to be inside, but to my surprise, it looked much like my elementary school, only larger and older. The room we entered had "grown-up" desks and a large blackboard with a name and a room and that same class section written on it. I took a seat and eyed the one next to me. It was empty, and I glanced nervously at each passing figure, wondering who would sit next to me, why they would, and why the others weren't. Finally, a climax was reached when a tall, stocky girl plopped herself down in the neighboring seat. I peered out of the corners of my eyes and saw her assembling her books and things on the desk. She looked at me openly and my eyes quickly darted downward. She smiled and said, "Hi," and I smiled weakly and murmured the same. I did

look at her though and I saw before me a tallish girl with large wet, gleaming brown eyes framed with long curly eyelashes, shiny, neatly assembled hair, chestnut brown skin, and wide lips and nose. Deborah's eyes were laughingly inviting and I rather felt myself grow less conscious of my being, and more involved in hers. I was no longer stiff and scared, but instead enchanted by the energetic, adventurous spirit in my new friend. Deborah took me under her wing, I, a year younger and somewhat less courageous than she. We laughed every day, every minute. School was of no matter to either of us, and it was only on report card days that we could be seen trudging home, sniffing and consoling and uttering snide remarks about this teacher or that. But those were the only tears between Deborah and me for the rest of it was laughter. I remember the time we hiked up to Woolworths and invested our last dollar in a variety of junky makeup which we both hid until safely in the school bathroom, where we would transform ourselves into two painted dolls. It was horrible, and messy, but it was prohibited and we wore it with a proud defiance. Deborah and I weren't delinquents, only two carefree irresponsible kids whose personalities merged and submerged.

It wasn't too far into the term when I decided to invite Deborah to my house. I did, and we enjoyed ourselves as usual. My parents told me that they thought Deborah was a sweet, friendly girl. Things were fine I thought, and Deborah's friendship and mine thrived. Until I made a tragic mistake: I called Deborah when her mother was home. The words, those words, burned in my ears.

"You'd better not call Deborah any more, because her father's a policeman and you will be in a lot of trouble."

The tears blurred my vision, the salt stung my tongue, I felt a lump growing hard in my throat. I told my parents of this phone conversation I had with Deborah's mother and I watched them look at each other, nervously, knowingly. They began to explain gently about how they knew of the problems that might arise from our friendship and how it wasn't only what mattered to me or my parents. I nodded although I didn't understand, and later wept bitterly over my feelings of desperation and confusion. The next day

Deborah and I talked, she telling me to call and apologize for calling on a school night and I refusing out of fear of a repetition of my anguish. The subject was dropped and our friendship resumed to normal, except that I had special hours in which I was allowed to call, and that when Deborah came over she would tell her mother she was going to a school committee meeting. My parents sighed but in spite of it all, welcomed Deborah in our house. Once in a while, I could go to Deborah's house, when she was sure her mother wouldn't be home for a while. We endured, however, and these problems were insignificant to us, non-existent almost. We were known throughout the school by teachers and students alike. The former would tsk at us sadly because we never applied ourselves in our schoolwork, but deep inside they smiled down on us. The kids, well, they saw us as two laughing, friendly faces and thought of nothing more.

A summer passed, and so did letters between us, and school resumed. Deborah and I changed little, and we still were two crazy, irresponsible kids. Never home on time, she and I would stop at the old Carvel stand, covered up with stickers, and others above those indicating the age of the bottom ones by a price change. We would buy frozen brown bonnets, a tangy milky vanilla custard cone, covered and intermingled with a sweet sticky dark chocolate. Frozen, yes, and difficult to bite, and later we hoped it would melt and soften. But it didn't have to for Deborah and me, for we digested it quite well in its original state.

I guess it was toward the winter, when the Carvel stand closed and the wind becomes biting, that my parents announced that they had found the house into which we were moving. Although it wasn't that far from my present neighborhood, it was a much newer, more expensive neighborhood with long, modern schools and neat, orderly lawns. I guess it was Deborah who faced it first when she asked me if it was an all white neighborhood. I swallowed my overdone gaiety and excitement abruptly, and nodded quietly, and Deborah nodded back quickly in recognition.

Time and events went on quickly from then, my marks getting a little better, I guess hers too. The spring shot up around us, and the days until school would close became less and



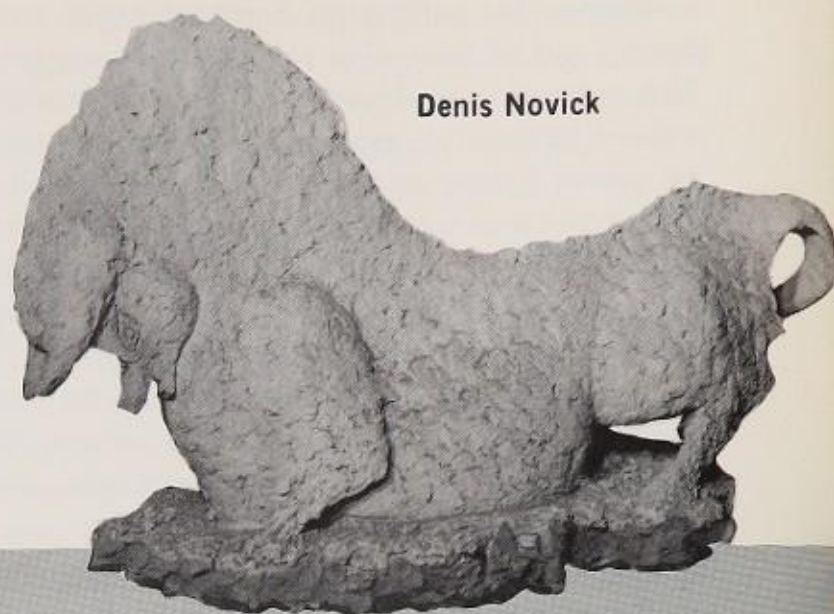
less. Finally, the last day came, my last day in Winthrop, in this neighborhood, and my last day with Deborah. It was a dry, sticky, sunny day, the excitement of summer bubbled within the hearts of everyone, everyone but Deborah and me. By the time we trudged quietly down the monotonous stairs, the yard was empty of screaming, shouting, running kids, who made it their business to get away from the stately old building. Deborah and I were two small figures, heads down, casting long willowy shadows in the vacant, sticky yard, which seemed as large somehow as it did on my first day there. We passed the Carvel stand, and approached the bus stop where Deborah got her bus. We stood mumbling words, dumb, silly words that weren't really what we wanted to say. Only seconds passed when the bus appeared before us, sneezing loudly and opening its doors. Deborah and I smiled sheepishly at each other, and said, "Well, goodbye, and keep in touch", and stuff like that, when suddenly I flung my arms around the girl I had leaned on for two years, the one whose nervy courage offered me protection from the tough kids in the school, and whose adventurous spirit had become a part of me. Tears flooded her eyes and mine, and Deborah stepped on the bus, her shining eyes looking into mine, both our cheeks stained with salty tears. The bus pulled away, and Deborah waved violently, smiling and weeping. I stood frozen, sobbing out loud, and through my tears I saw the uncrossable bridge between her parents and mine, the one we ourselves walked cautiously to the middle of, where we exchanged packages of friendship in a fleeting minute. Hurry, hurry before the bridge parts and lets society pass between!

At the tender age of twelve, one is innocent enough to defy society, yet vulnerable enough to be scarred by it....

ELLEN PEARLSTEIN



Nancy Green



Denis Novick



Jennie Fast



Janet Moniot



modeling



Susan Pillsbury



Lynette Brown



Susan Lane

THE SEASONS

SPRING

I saw the new green birth, fed and nourished
by the sun's secretions, push through the hard,
frozen, winter earth like the birth of
a new child . . .

I saw them dance in the gentle wind by day
and pray to their pagan Moon God in the
night . . .

I saw flowers at dawn, whose colors poured
across the meadow and reminded me of
the stained glass window, where I, alone, was,
knowing that God was angry; and the thunder
lit up the church and sent the colors
streaming across the floor, and I on my
hands and knees, trying to pick them
up . . .

I saw the dead squirrel, (the rotten odor), who
had died on his sacred journey to the next
season, lying beneath the huge, old oak
tree which has stood here forever like
a bent old man who walks slowly with a
cane, awaiting the vision of the Angel
of Death.

TINA LADAS

THE SALT WATER CACOOON

I am emerging from my madness
in the Spring of creation and I
am seeing with newborn eyes
the world, as tears and gladness
intermingled.

In the Park, the lovers waft
on sullen brown waves beneath
the shell they sit in and they
feel the brightness illuminated after
the shedding of a salt water cacoon.

I feel the brightness refracted
from tears of winter stillness
and the open air cafes along
the streets of happiness; reflected
in my visions.



Vendors sweep the sidewalk
with hot dog stands and
Madison Ave. displays its
latest output for the columnist's talk.

And I stroll with burning feet,
scarcely noticing, for the salt tears
are gone and I am immersed in
the brilliance of the after-death

and the reborn; the awakening; the new
and I am sharing my wealth with
others; but I long to know if what
they feel is the same and not scarce or
few

in the world; by the Lake. It is very
beautiful to be alone, when cherry blossoms
fall with over laden heads.
It is very nice to dream.

It is very nice to be alone; and quite
beautiful but not in Spring; only when
cherry blossoms fall; not when souls feel
unity and seek it and vagueness of

my eyes discolor the unexceptional
and close out all I do not wish to see,
when there is no sight.

ADELE GERAGHTY

rites of a native spring

Sprout, bloom, spurt,
New love.
Snuff out the idiots!
Blades of fresh green grass stab,
My dripping mind,
Bursting the dam of icy water-dreams thawing.
Cascades, white foam churning, cool, clear, refreshing.
Dewy eyes giddy,
Showers of sights.
Avalanches reversed.
PLUCK THE DAISY MAN.
Light slipping around silhouetted trees, shadow people,
Sneak, hide and go seek.
A game for twinkle-toed elephants.
Stab me again,
Laugh at the sight of your own eyes skinned of
 opaque corneas,
Open the lid on your glass covered head.
Ears, like cabbage leaves pasted on an erupting
 volcano floor.
Observe the scarlet flowers popping open.
Why are they called tulips?

CARYN WARD

springtime euphoria

The earth cracked open
 that year
 and from its depths
emerged a shivering naked spring.
The clouds weighed heavy
 on my shoulders
 and pushed me down
into breathing emerald grass.
I walked dazedly
across the world of green sponge
 catching and keeping
 stars in my mouth.
The birds joined forces
in the tremulous strains
 of an aerial opera
 and the branches shook.
While crowds dressed in rags
 hid in the shadows
 throwing rain in my face
and trying to bring me down.
Calling me didn't help
because I breathed only spring
 and heard only those
 that lived in my head.

JUDITH PFEFFER

AUTUMN

Golden red drops of autumn fall from the royal
 blue sky and fill my bucket with the sounds
 of golden coins.

Moonbeams and orange sunsets give light to my world.

The black cat has disappeared from my doorstep . . .

Together we eat ripe pumpkins and dance with the falling
 leaves from highest tree tops.

We slay the fire dragons with our swords.

We walk through brittle forests and collect the
 winter flowers that wait for us.

TINA LADAS

AUTUMN

You are born
like a candle in the darkness
 You glow
like the reflection of the sun
 You burn
like the consummation of your Self
 You die
like eternity unexplained.

HELENE GROSSMAN

Anthony Armato



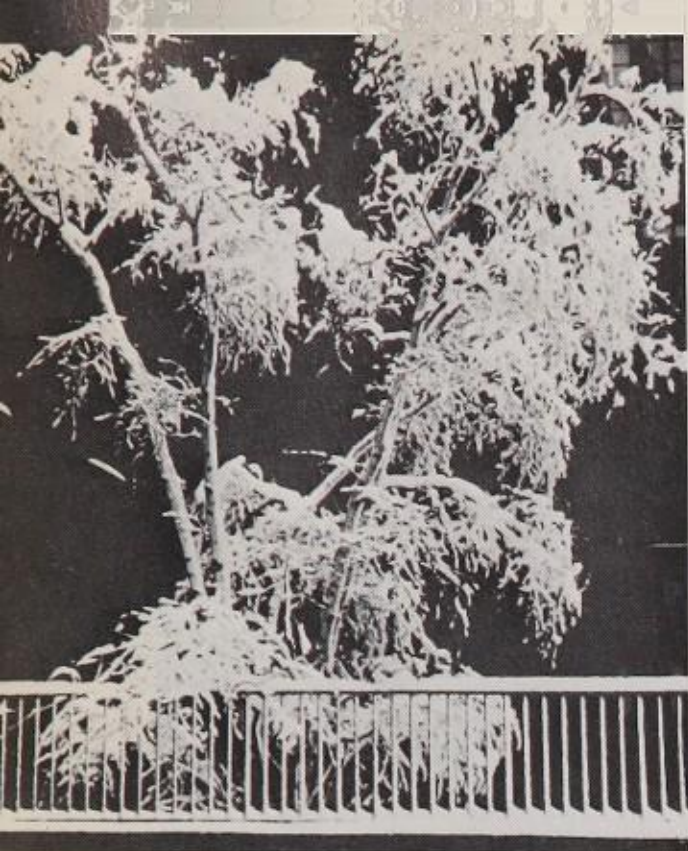
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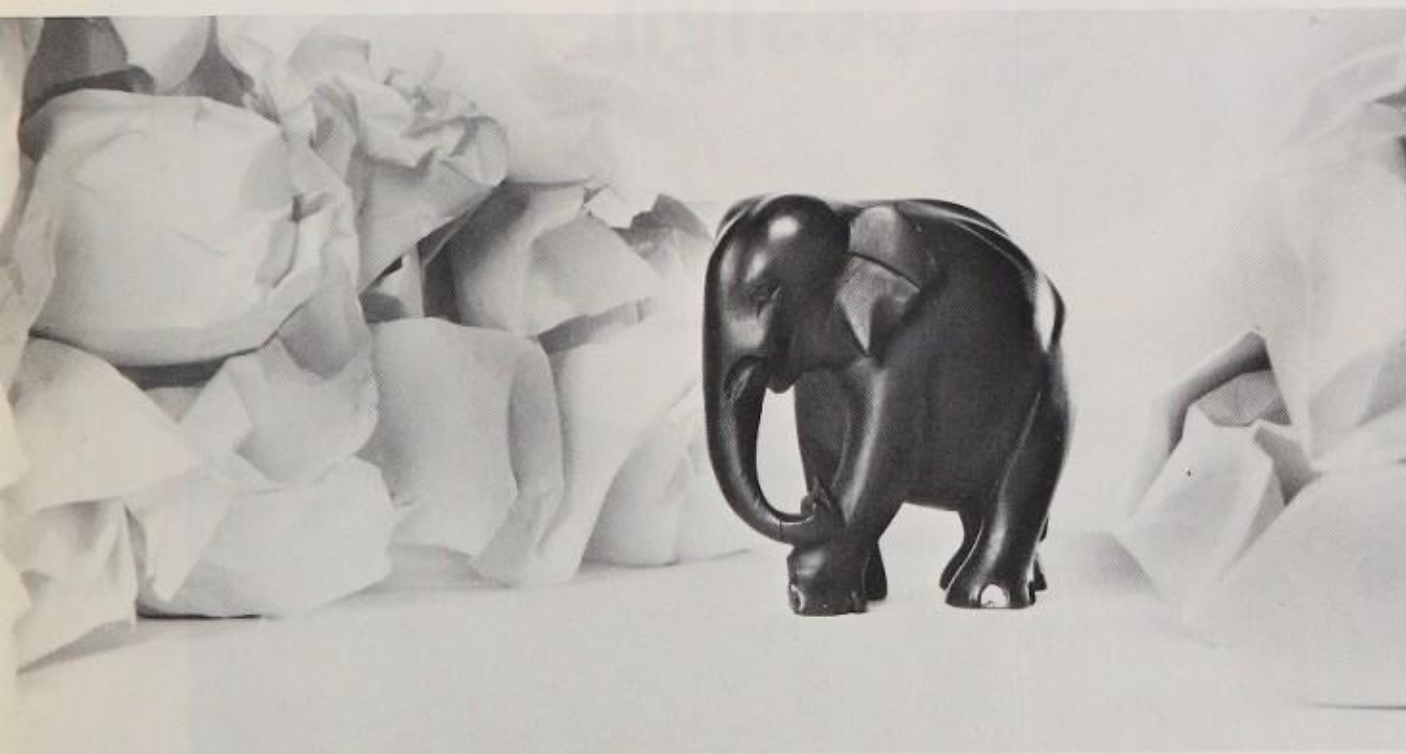




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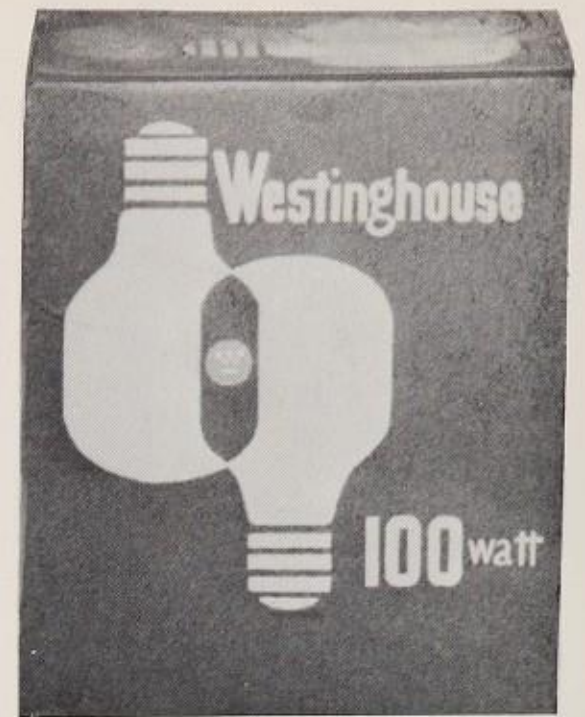
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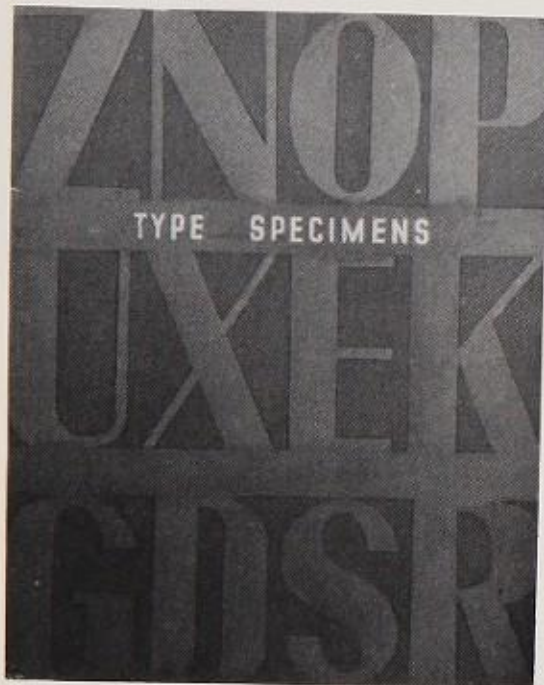


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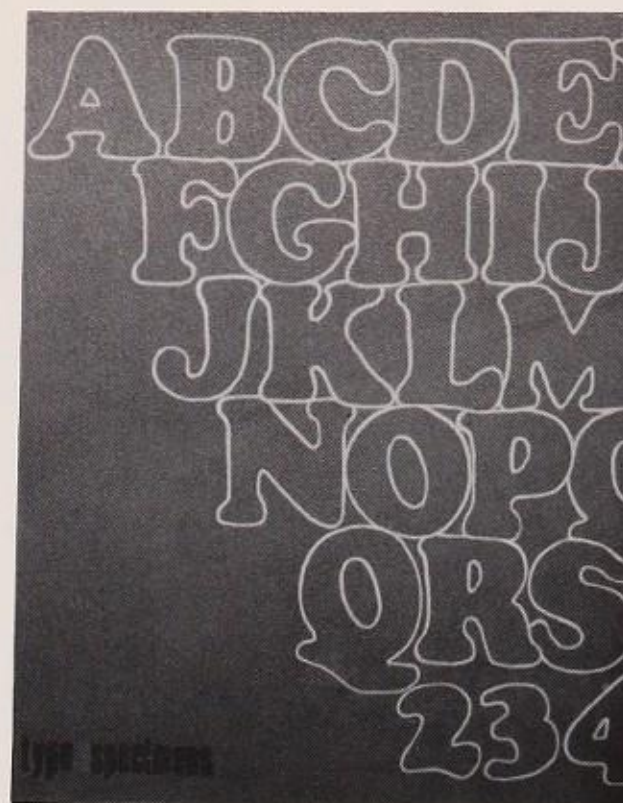
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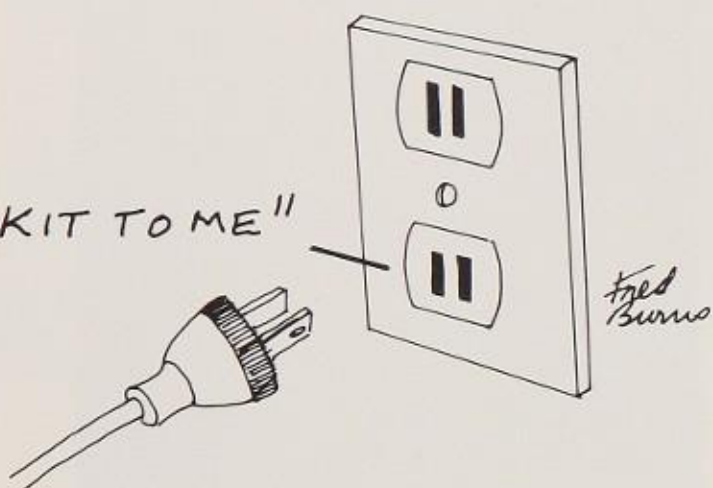
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Bobby Hall



cartooning

"SOCK IT TO ME"

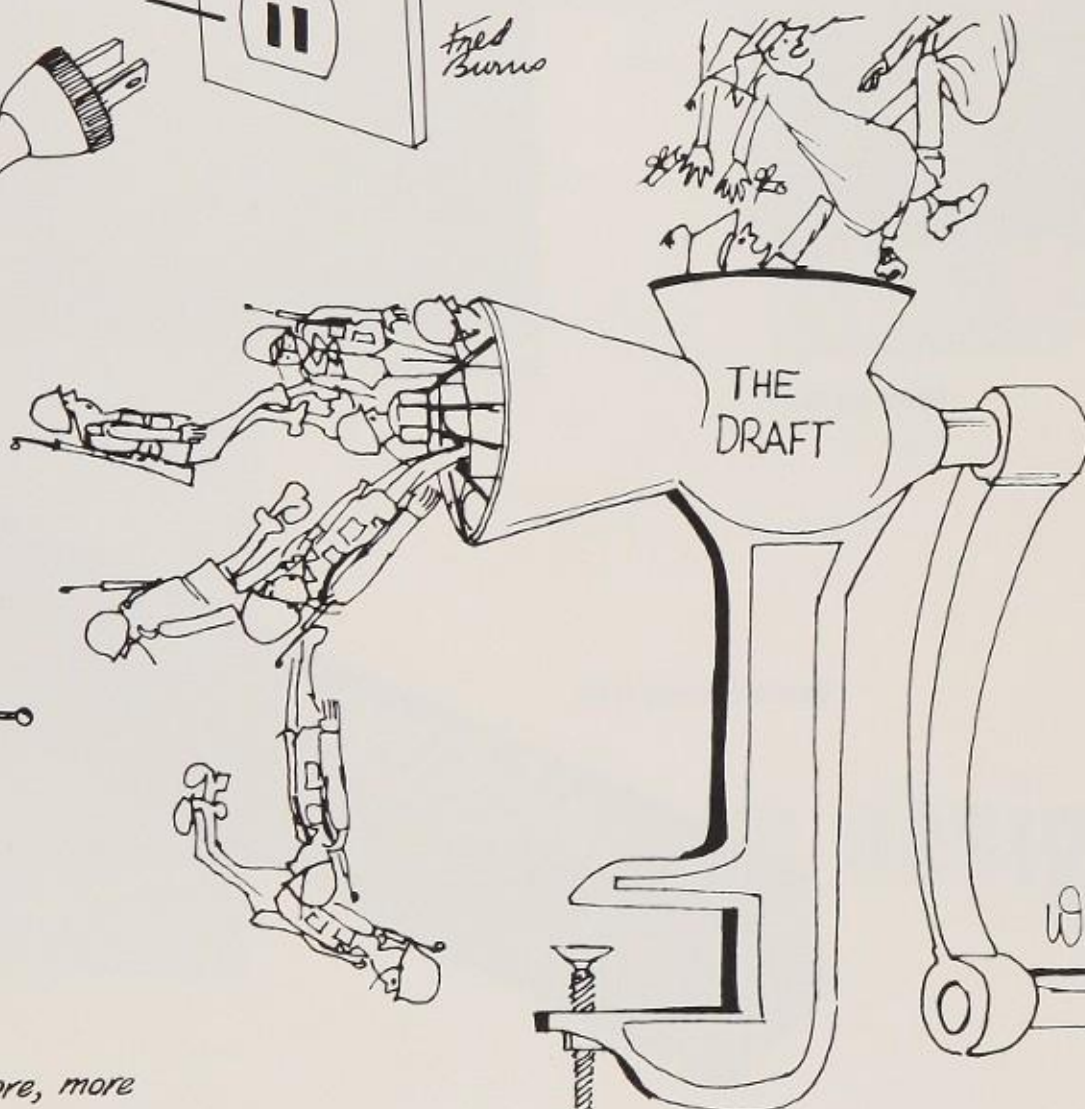


Fred Burris

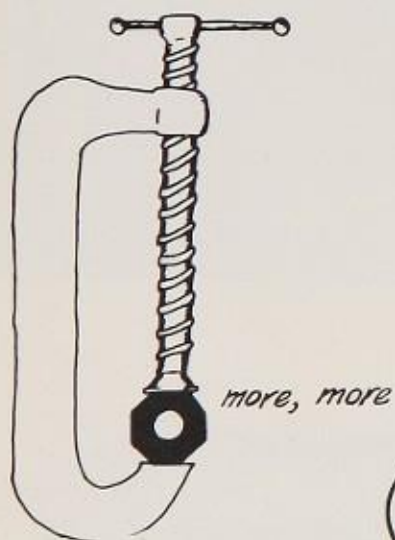
OH-H-H-H NO.....
THERE GOES THAT KARACHE AGAIN



DANIEL TASKET



BOB LOSAPIO

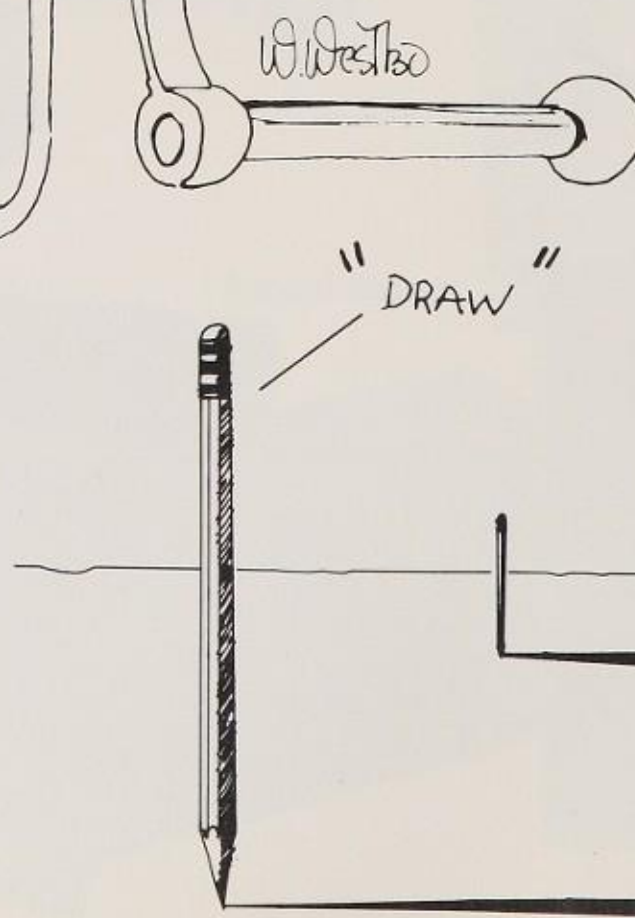


THE MASOCHIST

EDDIE RODRIGUEZ

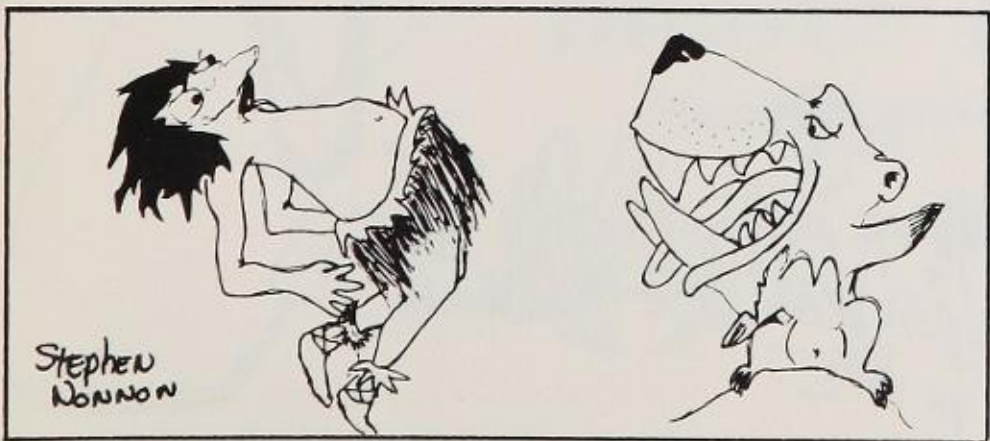
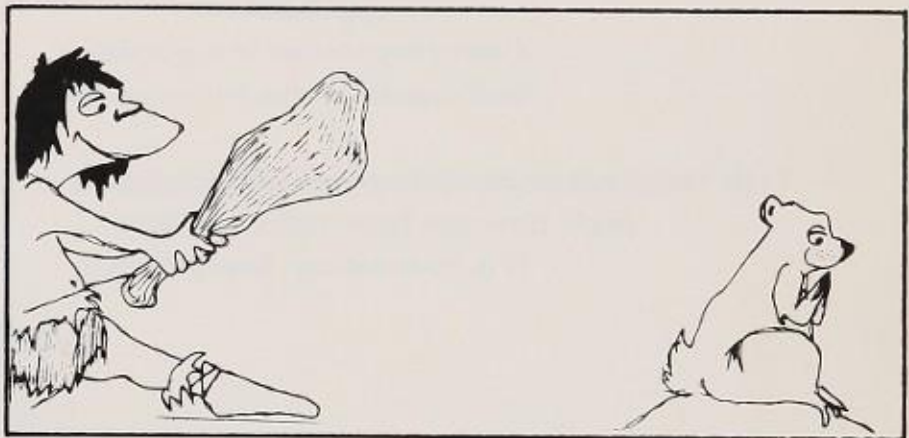
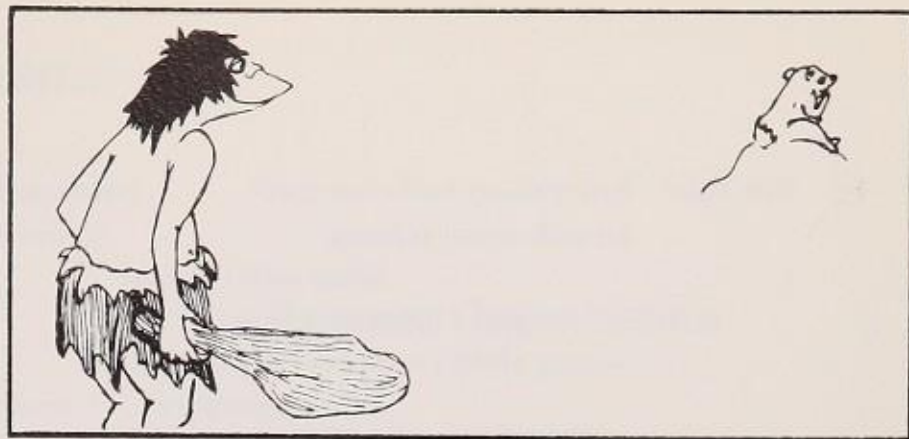


more, more



"DRAW"

Fred Burris



...THIS I WILL REMEMBER

9th Year Everything had changed: I entered
 an unknown sphere to master
 what will I know: what
 will I have to know:
 —as a child I watched my idols—
 (the teenagers) now I
 —am one of them. The halls are dark
 with lost shadows. I fumble
 —at attempts to form a pattern from this, as
 new colts will try to run.
 I am the new colt; the tiny stream among
 barren boulders, trailing
 crispy green vegetation, however.

10th Year It is easier to laugh (out loud). I have
 gotten used to being here. But my interest
 in art keeps me apart from ideals
 I had of high school—with lockers
 and books
 I carry my locker in a portfolio
 and myself in the mirror of time.

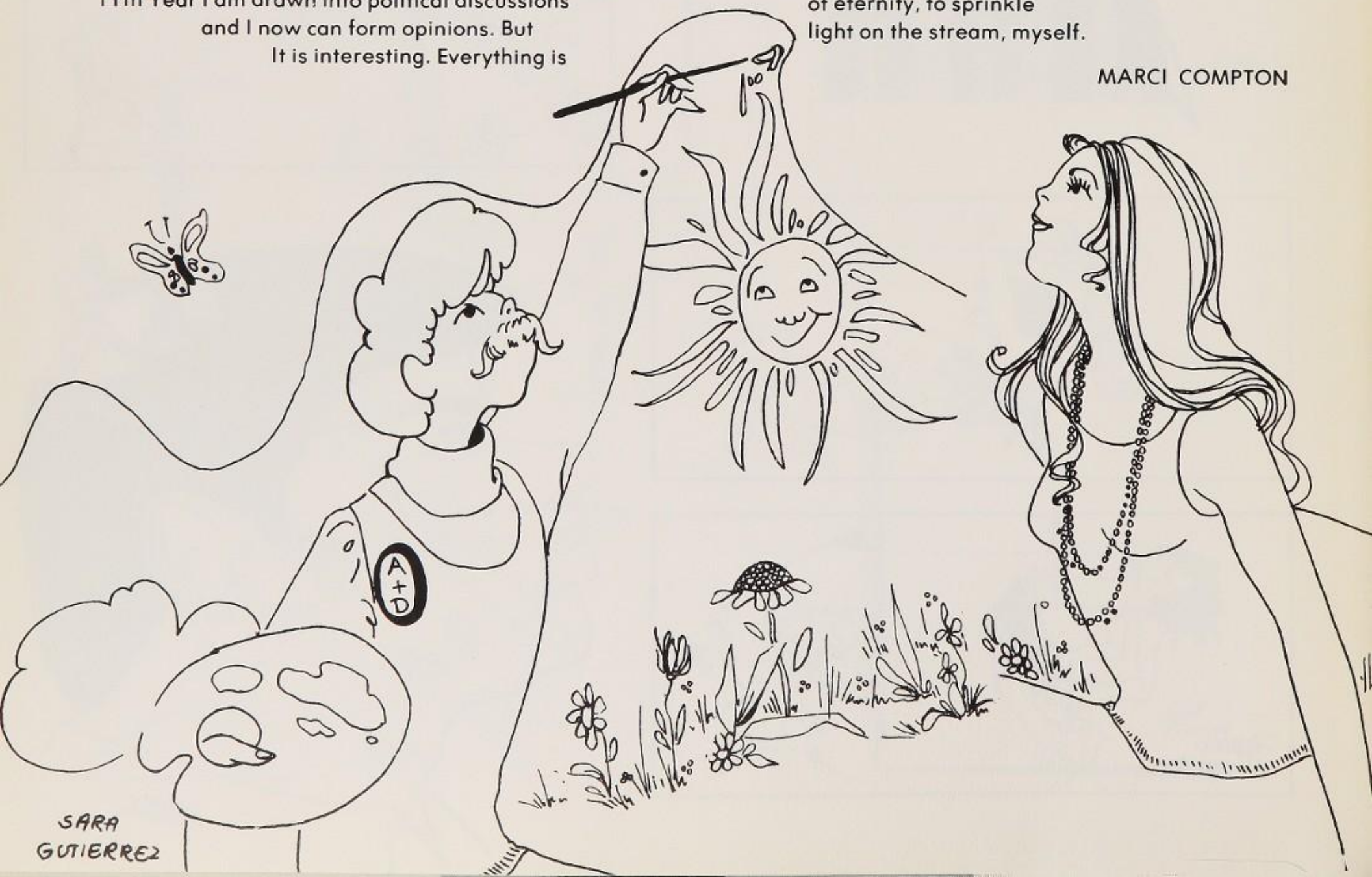
11th Year I am drawn into political discussions
 and I now can form opinions. But
 It is interesting. Everything is

difficult and interesting. (I study
 math on yellow paper because
 math, like light, bears the color yellow)
 I like to feel important. I marched
 in my first demonstration. Or when
 a teacher depends on you because
 you have proved yourself responsible.
 (I am beginning) to
 move into myself; to
 fill the roomy void.

12th Year I have seen a great deal, yet I am
 convinced I am blind: blindly drawing
 voyage sails.

—I had been a seed, expecting to blossom—
 but only before I die, will my life
 form a frail word; toward THE WORD
 like a blue petal? This I have learned:
 That to believe one truly
 knows nothing at all is
 itself wisdom; beginning...
 I am reaching for the tallest rainbow
 of eternity, to sprinkle
 light on the stream, myself.

MARCI COMPTON



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DEAR GILDA,
ALL I CAN DO
IS GIVE YOU ALL MY
LOVE & WISH YOU
THE BEST OF LUCK
IN THE WORLD.
I LOVE

Gilda,
I wish you
lots of luck
in everything you
do
Love
Ann Zucker

Dear Gilda -

I just want to
wish you all the luck
& happiness in the
world - you deserve
it.

Love
Fathic

